

The Listener

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The Opera House, Manaus, Brazil: in the foreground is a monument commemorating the opening of Brazilian ports to foreign shipping (see page 337)

In this number:

The Use and Misuse of Science (The Archbishop of York)
English Law and the Moral Law (Lord Justice Denning)
I Remember . . . (Gilbert Murray, O.M.)



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Russia's Price for a European Settlement

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

EVEN those who are accustomed to international conferences, and are therefore inclined to be cautious and unoptimistic about them, went to the four-power meeting in Berlin with a feeling of expectancy. I do not want to give you the impression that there were any officials or experts who thought that some spectacular result was to be had for the asking. Mr. Eden himself made that plain on leaving London for Berlin: 'I do not expect', he said, 'to settle all those difficult German problems at one meeting in Berlin. Yet it would be a real encouragement to the world if we made some progress with them'. The impression was that the conference would be something of a reconnaissance operation. It would provide the Western Powers with the first opportunity they had had since 1949, the year of the last four-power meeting, to test the Soviet position on Germany, in the hope of finding a point here and a point there on which agreement would be possible, as the first stages on the long road to a settlement. It was not so much, then, about the possible outcome of the conference that there was such an air of expectancy on January 25. What every member of the western delegations had much in mind was that there had been a great change in the Soviet Union in the past twelve months. It is only a year since the death of Mr. Stalin, and in that year the structure of the Soviet hierarchy has undergone profound changes. A new agricultural policy has been launched, and a new industrial policy.

As for Soviet foreign policy, there were no certain indications, although on the whole it seemed to the experts that its fundamental aims were unchanged. What remained to be seen was whether there had been any change in the practice of Soviet diplomacy, or,

rather, in the methods and tactics of Soviet negotiations. What also remained to be seen was whether Mr. Molotov, under the new administration, had a freer hand in conducting the foreign policy of his country.

The conference had been under way for only a few days when it was realised that the façade, at all events, of Soviet diplomacy had undergone some alterations. It is certainly less harsh than it used to be. Mr. Molotov was not abusive. He did not go out of his way to insult the other Ministers sitting round the conference table, although his voice seemed to take on a sharper edge when he was addressing M. Bidault. He did not speak of 'capitalist hyenas', or of 'war-mongering vultures', or of 'Wall Street sharks', or of any of those unpleasant animals which, as one western delegate recalled, once figured so prominently in Mr. Stalin's private zoo. And Mr. Molotov gave the impression of being very much in control of Soviet foreign policy.

At earlier conferences there have always been occasions when the Soviet Foreign Minister was obviously waiting for fresh instructions. There would be unexpected adjournments, and long pauses, and then Mr. Molotov would return with a new speech or a fresh statement. There were no such adjournments during the Berlin Conference. And it seemed to the western delegations that Mr. Molotov had been left free to handle the conference in his own way, even to improvise at times, within the framework of whatever general instructions had been given to him on leaving the capital. There was something else that attracted the attention of those who were in the conference room, and it was this: the whole of the Soviet delegation appeared to be more relaxed than at earlier

four-power meetings. There was less of that reserve they maintain even among themselves when under western eyes. They smiled and laughed and talked among themselves, and seemed to be completely at ease. Mr. Molotov was even seen to crack a joke with his interpreter, and in a personal way Russian officials and Russian journalists were comparatively accessible to the western journalists at the conference. German officials in the Soviet sector of Berlin were friendly and affable. 'It's been a useful conference', they said, 'and so we must have more conferences, until all our difficulties are finally resolved'.

Picture of Soviet Aims

We have no means of knowing what the Russians or the German Communists mean when they say that it has been a useful conference. From the western point of view it has certainly been useful—useful in the sense that it has provided a fairly clear picture of Soviet aims and purposes in Europe. Mr. Molotov has made it plain that the Soviet Government do not intend to allow their domination over eastern Germany to be in any way impaired, and that they are determined to hold what they have in the Danube valley. Some western experts are convinced that this policy owes its inspiration to the Russian General Staff, and they conclude that Soviet foreign policy is now more directly under military influence than it was when Mr. Stalin was alive.

I propose to restrict myself in this talk to the two European items on the agenda: the German question and the Austrian Treaty. The four Foreign Ministers also spent a great deal of time discussing the Far East, or rather Mr. Molotov's proposal for a five-power conference to examine the causes of world tension. Almost all their discussions were in private, and little is known of what was actually said. What is known is that a number of proposals were considered for ending the political stalemate in Korea.

It was on the problem of German reunification and a German peace treaty that the four Foreign Ministers spent the greater part of their time. From the western point of view, everything hinges on free elections. The Western Powers have not recognised the East German Government. They do not propose to recognise it. They hold that it is an undemocratic and unrepresentative regime whose authority rests entirely upon the power of the Red Army. They therefore will not agree to allowing that administration to play any part in the formation of a provisional German Government, or to assume unchecked control over elections. They do not believe there can be a lasting settlement of the German problem until the people of eastern Germany have been given a chance to vote as they please, without threats, without intimidation, without falsification. And so the Western Foreign Ministers told Mr. Molotov that what they wanted was elections to be held under some form of international supervision—a supervision that would be exercised in the west as well as in the east.

Mr. Molotov would not hear of such a thing. First, he argued that the idea of supervising German elections was insulting to the honour of the German people. And then he argued that free elections were all very well; what was important in his view was to be certain of their outcome. He pointed out that the elections held in Germany in 1932 were perfectly free and resulted in a majority for what he called 'the democratic parties'. Yet within a few months, he said, Hitler was in power. Mr. Foster Dulles answered that what Mr. Molotov wanted was to introduce the eastern type of election over the whole of Germany, in order to extend Soviet power up to the Rhine. Mr. Molotov retorted that what the Western Powers were trying to do was to drag the whole of Germany—east as well as west—into the western system of alliances, which, he said, was directed against the Soviet Union.

M. Bidault made no secret of the western hope that a united Germany would align herself with the west. That alignment, he said, would be of permanent value only if it were supported by the majority of the German people acting through a government of their own choice. It would be for that freely elected government to take responsibility for negotiating a peace treaty with the victorious powers.

In resisting Mr. Eden's plan for German reunification and a German peace treaty, which hinges, as I have already explained, on free elections, Mr. Molotov put forward a whole series of proposals. Their details varied enormously, although the essential principle remained the same—the principle that the East German Administration should be recognised and its structure left intact. When he spoke of a provisional government for the whole of Germany he meant a government in which the eastern Administration was fused with the west German Government on equal terms and without any previous elections.

First, he proposed that the occupation forces should be withdrawn

within a year of the entering into force of the peace treaty. Then he proposed that the provisional government should organise elections and that occupation troops should be withdrawn well ahead of the election date. Then he proposed that there should be a referendum under the present occupation regime on the question of whether people preferred a peace treaty to the present west German treaties with the west. Then he proposed that Germany should be left divided into two sovereign states, each authorised to enter into security treaties with other European states, and that all occupation forces should be withdrawn within six months' time. And towards the end of the conference he proposed that the East German Administration and the West German Government should appoint special representatives to work out plans for dealing with some of the worst effects of the division of Germany—on trade, finance, transport, and so on. Every single one of these proposals would have involved the western governments in recognising the East German Administration, into giving an aura of legality and respectability to what Mr. Foster Dulles has called 'a tyrannical regime'.

On the Austrian question Mr. Molotov was just as firm in his defence of the Soviet position. After many years of negotiation and some hundreds of meetings he had finally brought the Western Powers and the Austrian Government to the point of accepting all that he had asked for in the Austrian treaty. Yet in spite of these western concessions, Mr. Molotov refused to sign the treaty. 'Five years ago', he said, 'when the main part of the treaty was agreed, conditions were very different in Europe. United States' forces were not stationed in Europe, except as occupation troops'. At the moment they were stationed in nearly 100 different places. In the light of that development he could not agree to the withdrawal of troops from Austria. So he wanted a new article written into the treaty authorising the troops to stay.

Mr. Foster Dulles pointed out that as long as the Red Army stayed in Austria it had the right, under the east European peace treaties, to stay in Hungary and Rumania as well, and that meant that the Red Army would continue to maintain a hold upon the Danube Valley.

While strongly defending the Soviet military position in central and eastern Europe, Mr. Molotov repeatedly attacked what he called 'the war-like preparations of the west'. In the western view he appeared to have two objectives in mind: first, to drive the United States out of Europe; and, secondly, to prevent the signing of the treaty for a European Army, and therefore, of any German association with the defence of the west. He appealed to M. Bidault to join with the Soviet Union in working for the peace of Europe, and he reminded the French Foreign Minister of all that the French people had suffered at German hands during the war. He then produced a plan for European security which would link all the states of Europe, including the separate states of eastern and western Germany, in a series of security treaties. The Soviet Union would be a member of that system; the United States would be excluded from it. If his proposal were accepted it would substitute the U.S.S.R. for the U.S. as the defender of European security and freedom. What Mr. Molotov would not say was whether he thought his security system was compatible with the Atlantic Alliance.

A Korea in Germany

Mr. Foster Dulles made the point that the people of Europe must decide for themselves what sort of security system they wanted. Mr. Molotov, he said, had spoken again and again about the withdrawal of troops from Germany. What the Soviet delegation really wanted, said Mr. Foster Dulles, was that the same thing should be done in Germany as had been done in Korea in 1950. When United States troops were withdrawn from Korea the result had been war, and not security.

M. Bidault summed up the western position. How could they compare, he said, the withdrawal of Soviet troops for a few score miles to the east with the destruction of the defensive arrangements now concentrated in western Germany, which at present ensured the defence of western Europe and of Germany itself? That, in the western view, is the price that Mr. Molotov is asking for an east-west settlement in Europe. It is a price that the Western Powers are not prepared to pay.

—General Overseas Service

The current number of the international review *Adam* (28 Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7; price 5s.) is a Dylan Thomas memorial number, and contains contributions from, among many others, Igor Stravinsky, Augustus John, David Daiches, George Barker, Pierre Emmanuel, Pamela Hansford Johnson, and Clifford Dymont, as well as two chapters from an unpublished novel of Dylan Thomas entitled 'Adventures in the Skin Trade'. This 80-page tribute, which also includes several portraits of the poet, is edited by Miron Grindea.

Tradition and Experiment in Asia

The first of four talks by CYRIL PHILIPS

A COUPLE of weeks ago I had two books in my hands, which, though very different, were concerned with the same subject—the state of Asia as it was in 1913 and as it is today. One was by the classical scholar, Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. It is the report he wrote in 1913 after his journey through India, China, and Japan. The other, only just published, is by Sardar K. M. Panikkar, the distinguished Indian ambassador and historian: it is called *Asia and Western Dominance*.*

Reading them together crystallised thoughts that had vaguely been moving about my mind for some time. One was a picture of two immensely old civilisations—India and China—attempting to carry out far-reaching political and social experiments in a most dramatic way; and the outcome, I thought, must depend on the skill of these two countries in applying their own deep and rich experience to the present day. The other thing was this. Whenever I discuss present-day Asia, I find that most people seem to assume that India, experimenting with liberal parliamentary democracy, was doing more or less what was expected of her; but that China, in her communist experiment, had done the unexpected; and that therefore it was China rather than India that had embarked on the adventurous and hazardous course—something right outside her previous experience and history.

But, looking into their histories in some depth, I found that I had come to a different conclusion: for it is China which is conforming to an established pattern, a pattern that time and again in her history had reasserted itself, a pattern she understood; and it is India, balancing the acquired habits of this past century against the different traditions of 2,000 years, which is more delicately—perhaps more dangerously—poised. For India has hardly any political traditions of her own and has to look to outside models rather than inside for inspiration and guidance.

During the forty years since Lowes Dickinson was writing, Asia has been transformed by swift and sweeping changes, changes which have intimately affected us in this country. In 1924, as a boy, I attended a football match not far from Calcutta. It was a cup final between a European and an Indian team. There were about 100 Europeans, men, women, and children, grouped on one side of the ground, and about 2,000 Indians on the far side. Towards the end of the game play began to get rough, feeling ran high, and a section of the Indian crowd made as if to attack some of the European players. With one accord,

and before the police could intervene, the European spectators picked up their chairs as weapons and charged across the field, and the Indians as one man jumped up and ran away in the most spectacular fashion. It was the Battle of Plassey all over again. As we went home, though the grown-ups talked ominously of the outbreak of another Mutiny, not one of them seemed to doubt that they had done the right thing.



An example of Asian leadership in the world today: Mrs. Pandit, of India, presiding over the meeting of the U.N. Assembly in 1953

In 1948, twenty-five years later, I was out for an evening stroll in the harbour area of one of India's great seaports. I was walking with an elderly European friend, one of those who had taken part in that charge. Squatting and lying on the pavements, almost under our feet, were poor Indian refugees, and some of them began to pester us for money. Perhaps unwisely, my friend began to talk to them and a small crowd soon gathered. Suddenly a police patrol appeared and without more ado began to break up the crowd, and it looked as though some of them were in for a rough time. But my companion would not have this, and with great vigour remonstrated with the police. As we walked back home, I reminded him of the episode at the football match. His comment was: 'Well, at that time I felt responsible for keeping them in order, but now I want to see justice done'. Of course, we have all experienced this change for ourselves, perhaps even in reading or hearing debates on India in parliament. It has been a gradual process which both reflected and affected the remarkable retreat of Europe from Asia in our lifetime.

My first visit to Asia was in 1923. I was with my parents and we went by sea. From the time we left Port Said to the day we reached Calcutta we were safe in British waters, protected by British sea power. The Indian Ocean was the British Ocean, and at the heart of it stood the massive Indo-British empire. The whole structure of European power in Asia rested on it, and when British power was pulled away in 1947 and 1948—and I am thinking not only of India, but also of Ceylon and Burma—at one tug the main support of European power in Asia was withdrawn. Many people thought that the retreat of Europe must result in an even greater break-up of Asia, that European influence was superficial, that it had not touched the masses, and that the great oriental religions—Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam—had held firm under attack: in other words, that western influences will be swept away by



A modern manifestation of China's national consciousness: women students parading past Mao Tse-tung in communist Peking

the established ways of life. My own view is that, though the changes brought about in Asian life by the close contact with Europe are radical and far-reaching, it is early days yet to attempt a detailed appraisal of them.

Perhaps the most remarkable and obvious sign of the new and independent Asia has been the growth of an Asian consciousness—the frequent meetings of Asian leaders, the getting together of Asian countries at the United Nations to attack what they call racialism and colonialism, the way in which India has set out to interpret China's political point of view to the free world. If I am asked why this development is taking place, I should first say that it is the product of their common political experiences of the past century, a general Asian reaction to the west. But Asians may say, and Sardar Panikkar, fresh from his stay in China, certainly does say, that it rests on deeper grounds. 'From Japan to India', he declares, 'the civilisations of Asian countries are united by certain common features . . . there is a community of thought and feeling between the common peoples of India and China, which it is not possible to overlook'.

Disparities of Indian and Chinese Civilisations

Sardar Panikkar is right in saying that the basic conditions of Indian and Chinese civilisation are not unlike. Both are agrarian countries, both have vast populations. Both include peoples different in race, temperament, and even language. In both countries the peasantry believe in gods and demons who must be propitiated. But just because we can identify these similar primitive responses to the challenge of nature, we cannot say that the two civilisations have developed in the same way. Anyone who has left India and arrived for the first time at Singapore will remember the impression of entering another world, for Singapore is essentially a Chinese city. Instantly, no matter in what street of Singapore, these differences burst upon you—obvious superficial outer aspects that we cannot miss, but reminders of other, I think deeper, differences.

There are, for example, differences that run right through the history of these ancient civilisations. One of these at once strikes the historian and I think has great significance. In early India, empire after empire, dynasty after dynasty, rose and fell, leaving no trace of political progress and indeed often no materials out of which history, in the modern sense of the word, can be constructed. 'The heroes and kings are shadows of legend. Of some we have images stamped upon the coins that they issued; of others, inscriptions recording pious grants of land or commemorating great victories; of one king, a series of moral edicts. But no contemporary tells us whether the images were good likenesses, whether the pious grants were made out of kindness of heart or in atonement for crime, whether the edicts were observed or neglected'.

In the spring of 1944 I had a letter from an Indian friend of mine telling me that throughout India they were then celebrating the close of the Vikram Samvat era, and the dawn of a new millennium. Vikram has long been a great hero in Indian popular tradition. His name, like that of Caesar, became a kind of symbol, and a title which subsequent rulers added to their names. But who was he? Historically speaking everything is vague. There is certainly no trace of him about 58 B.C. when his era should begin. From a western or an Islamic or a Chinese standpoint nothing is odder in the development of India than the almost complete lack of history or chronicle in the surviving and, in other respects, rich literature. While the monks of European cloisters busily recorded what they saw and heard, while the man of letters in China compiled official histories, the Brahmins of India evidently thought the history of their kings unworthy of record or comment, and yet they must have played a great part as ministers or advisers of the rulers. This lack of a historical sense crops up again and again in India, a recent and tragic example being Mahatma Gandhi's confession in 1942 to the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, that he had just read for the first time the Government of India Act of 1935, that he was impressed by it, that it could have given India all she desired, and that if only he had read it when it was first passed the course of modern Indian history might have been very different.

When we turn to China we find something different. A genuine historical sense seems to have been a Chinese characteristic from the earliest times. Scratch a Chinaman and you find an archivist; scratch a little deeper and you find a historian. As early as 100 B.C. China produced a history in which truth was consciously sifted from fancy, *The Historical Memoirs*. The author, who bore the rather inappropriate official title of Grand Astrologer, was modest about his work. 'My narrative', he said, 'consists of no more than a systematisation of the

material that has been handed down to us. There is, therefore, no creation, only a faithful representation'. But a critic writing 150 years later does him more justice. 'He exposes facts and their meaning; he is a clever writer without being florid, he is full of matter without being coarse; form and substance are in him in proper balance. These are the qualities of an excellent historian'. This history in fact became the model for all later Chinese official historiography. It differs fundamentally from such works as those of Thucydides or Herodotus, which aim at telling a connected story, but the Chinese dynastic history—of which there are twenty-six which are officially recognised—is usually divided into parts, one giving a chronology and list of official titles, another containing monographs on different fields of knowledge, such as geography, medicine, botany, phonetics, and yet another filled with official biographies of important people. The histories are massive in size and the total output remarkable. There were probably more books in China by the eighteenth century than in the whole of the rest of the world put together.

The conclusions we shall draw from this extraordinary contrast between India and China depend upon the value and meaning we ourselves give to history. Perhaps we should agree that the value of history is partly intrinsic; it is worth while for itself alone, the joy to be got from a good story. Some will say that it is also useful as a vehicle for moral education; it can give a steady and habitual vision of greatness; it can show us the good and the bad in action. Some will stress the fact that it can give us a sense of depth and perspective, a sense of meaning in time and in the processes of time, a sense of proportion, a sense of the inevitability of gradualness. But perhaps most will first say that it has a political value, since the study of it may well be essential fully to understand any given situation. Certainly we can see that a sense of political consciousness is as evident in the early history of China as it is lacking in India. Before the modern period India never for long achieved political unity. China, on the other hand, has for more than 2,000 years been the outstanding example of a great unified empire. Her common script, common philosophy, common customs and outlook proved one of the strongest political cements in history.

A second conclusion that we may draw is that this difference of respect for history reveals a difference in attitude towards life, towards man's place in life. Indian society, which in its early literature, the Vedas, reflects an essentially active, positive, optimistic view, gradually becomes overclouded, impregnated with the sense of the nothingness of life in time. Perhaps part of the reason lies in the nature of the Indian environment, especially the heart of India, the Gangetic plain, where both geography and climate impose a terrible strain on man. The temperature of the Gangetic plain, high and humid, varying greatly in the day, sets the human body a daily problem in adaptation. And this mental and physical strain is not relieved but rather intensified by the typical food of the people, rice—starch—seasoned with spices.

Nature's 'Suspended Threat'

But the broad plains, fertile and well watered, did encourage an easy, quick advance from primitive to civilised life. Agriculture was easy. The rains on which all growth depended usually came yearly at the same time and you had only to scratch the surface and sow the seed to yield a rich harvest. But nature always held a suspended threat. If the rains failed in one part, or if in another part there were floods and the river changed its course, as often happened, the result was certain famine and death. Disasters which can be faced and overcome may make men resourceful, but India's climatic disasters were not of the kind that early man could deal with. These were some of the Indian conditions that made for a strong, early development but discouraged further efforts and experiment in the practical mastery of natural forces. Whatever were the causes, and we know they are complex, to escape, not to dominate—to be delivered from life and activity in time—became the note of Indian religion; and, life being insignificant, man was insignificant, and man's history too. It is not an accident, it is a consequence of their attitude to life, that there are not Hindu historians. In the west, as in China, man's life and its purposes are thought to be significant and important, yet that is just what Indian religion and philosophy has tended to deny.

On the other hand, India did have an ancient and underlying, though vague, unity in a conception of religion allied with the caste system, a system which divided society into strictly separated groups, membership of which was determined by birth. But her modern unity, based on the cult of the nation, required a new historical background; she required a history with a national purpose, for without a common history a

nation cannot exist. It is significant that it was the work of Europeans in the main that gave this to India. One of the most thrilling experiences I have ever had was to visit in central Ceylon the massive remains of a civilisation that had for centuries been lost, buried in the jungle. As I stood there on the bank of a vast, man-made lake that had once watered an ancient city, I saw a group of engineers busy, planning to drain the lake. They surveyed the bank for the right spot to cut a sluice and began to dig, only to find the ancient sluice works, intact, underneath: sluice works which belonged to a civilisation which the Indians had completely forgotten, and which Europeans recovered for them.

From these and other similar labours India became able to think in terms of historic continuity, but it is a history that has been trans-

formed by being passed through the filter of European thought and scholarship. Almost all Indian history, even today, is written in English. It therefore remains to be seen whether her discovery of history means that her attitude to life, too, and her estimate of the place of man in it, is changing. China, on the other hand, has been called on to make no such sharp change in her attitude, not even, to my mind, in her political thinking. Historical materials are readily to hand and the historical tradition as expressed in her own language is unbroken. In this, we can clearly see a great and important difference in their heritage. But any conclusions one may arrive at on a subject so comprehensive are of the most tentative and hazardous kind, and what I am saying is rather the starting point than the end of an enquiry.—*Home Service*

The Terrorists in Malaya

By VERNON BARTLETT

I HAVE just returned from Malaya, and I believe that only a Communist victory in Indo-China could now greatly prolong that extraordinary jungle war. There are probably still nearly 5,000 people—officially known as 'Communist Terrorists'—carrying on their war from their headquarters in the Malayan jungle. That is about the same number as when the Malayan emergency was first declared nearly six years ago. But they are worse armed, worse fed, and much less enthusiastic than they were. The methods used against them are more effective and the number of them who surrender is rising steadily.

A Minority Revolt

Until I flew over the jungle in a helicopter I had failed to understand lots of things about this Malayan war. I had imagined, for example, that if 5,000 men could make it necessary to mobilise about 250,000 men against them, then they must represent a genuine national movement. I do not imagine that any more than ninety per cent. of the Communist Terrorists—C.T.s for short—are Chinese, and the Chinese are less than half the population of Malaya. Furthermore, many of the leaders of the C.T.s are Chinese who were not even born in Malaya, and one-third of all the able-bodied men of fighting age in Malaya are volunteers in the various security forces organised to fight against them. So the idea that the Communists have nation-wide support is nonsense. Why is it, then, that so few men can make it necessary for the Government to mobilise such immense forces to destroy them?—When I was in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the Federation of Malaya, heavy bombs were being dropped in the jungle so close to us that our windows would have rattled if Malaya were the kind of country where windows had glass in them. Most of the Europeans outside the towns still have their houses surrounded by barbed wire, and many of them travel only in armoured cars. Most villages are protected by home guards. Why cannot the Government crush this revolt?

I learned the answer when my helicopter flew me over parts of the jungle and, still more, when I tried to enter it on foot. Four-fifths of Malaya is covered by this jungle, which is so dense that, in places, our patrols can cut their way through it only at a speed of about 100 yards an hour. Looking down on the deep jungle 100 feet below the helicopter, I could at no moment see the ground: the trees are so close together and so tall that men who are dropped by parachute have to carry 100 feet of cord so that they can let themselves down from the branches if they get hung up in them. Much of the jungle is also marsh-land, and the men on police or army patrols in it never see the sun; they come out after ten days of 'jungle-bashing' as pale as if they had been living in cellars or dungeons. That is why so few Communist Terrorists have been able to resist for so long: in such country there is very little chance of taking them by surprise, and time after time our patrols reach a Communist camp only to find that it has just been vacated. The Malayan war must be among the most frustrating wars ever waged.

But in the last two years or so the methods of waging it have become much more effective. The first thing to do was to stop the C.T.s in the jungle from getting food and other supplies from outside it. They used to get these supplies from Chinese squatters who were farming little patches of land on the fringe of the jungle. Some of these squatters

sympathised with the Communists, but far more of them were frightened into their service, for the number of civilians murdered by the Communists is more than twice the number of police they have killed. Therefore the Government decided to remove these squatters into special villages, and 500,000 of them have thus been compulsorily transferred to new homes: a very drastic proceeding, which only the emergency could have justified, but in fact it will be of great and lasting benefit to Malaya, because it has given these 500,000 people chances of education, electric light, piped water, and other amenities which they would never have had otherwise. I visited several of these new villages. Not all of them are successful, mainly because it is often difficult to get land near them, and a Chinese without his allotment is as unhappy as a fisherman without water. But in many of them the people now do elect their own village councils; they provide their own home guard; and they train their vegetables up the barbed wire that surrounds them.

Having thus cut the C.T.s off from their sources of supply, the next step is to win over the sympathies of the aborigines who have lived in the jungle for nobody knows how many centuries. If these aborigines act as scouts for the Communists, then our patrols have no chance whatsoever of surprising them, and the Communists have in the past done a good deal to win their sympathy. So now the Government is doing more. With the help of helicopters, it has established several police posts—the so-called jungle forts—in the most remote parts of the jungle, and at these forts the aborigines can get some education, some medical help, and such valuable supplies as salt. I was fortunate enough to visit one such fort, on the shores of a lake that had hardly ever been visited by a white man before the war, and I can vouch for the friendliness of these people whom civilisation had passed by but who have now become so important to civilisation.

The Next Step

The next step towards winning the Malayan war is to reduce the number of Communists who remain in the jungle. This is done partly by bombing and by attacks by patrols, partly by spraying their food plots in jungle clearings with poisons, and partly by encouraging them to desert: and this encouragement to surrender is one of the most fantastic sides of the Malayan war. It is easy to decide to surrender; it is very difficult to do so. Every approach to a Communist camp is carefully guarded, and the man who sets off on his own is almost certain to lose himself. So in certain areas coloured searchlights are now used, and loudspeakers from aircraft tell C.T.s which coloured searchlight to follow if they want to go in a given direction.

I would not venture to forecast when the emergency in Malaya will come to an end. Some of the genuine Communists have lived in the jungle for more than twelve years. They are tough, and they have too much blood on their hands ever to surrender. But I believe many of their followers have had very nearly enough. I am convinced that they have practically no public support and that the methods of destroying them are increasingly effective. Unless communism does make some sensational advance in Indo-China or elsewhere in south-east Asia, Malaya does stand a good chance of again becoming what it used to be—one of the happiest and friendliest countries in the world.

—From a talk in the Home Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

For the Children

SOMETIMES one speculates in reading such a worthy publication as the latest Unesco report on *The Child Audience** whether we do not incline these days to treat ourselves a little too seriously. Its author, M. Philippe Bauchard, is a French educationist and he is plainly concerned with the perennial problem of juvenile delinquency. He therefore subjects the entertainment provided for children by the press, the cinema, and broadcasting to a microscopic examination and gives pretty low marks to all concerned.

Though M. Bauchard is obviously pained by what he has learned, he is cautious. In regard to children's papers he tells us 'it is difficult to pronounce a verdict'; but 'in their present form they are undoubtedly second-rate in inspiration and devoid of new ideas, and they make innumerable concessions to the taste of an increasingly sensation-loving public that is averse from any mental effort'. So you see where you are. Next time your small boy enjoys his copy of *Rainbow* or *Eagle*, don't forget to tell him: 'Put it away and get on with your sums, for you are a member of "an increasingly sensation-loving, etc."'. And yet, in our youth, were we not taught by Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells that what the world needed was supermen? Is it not a trifle hard that our children should be warned off Superman?

When M. Bauchard passes on to the cinema, he becomes a little more amicable. He is prepared to admit that in this country at any rate an attempt has been made by film companies and by cinema proprietors to provide films specially intended for child audiences. But M. Bauchard is worried because the majority of children do not only attend these special performances but see as well a large number of the films designed for adults. But, alas, that is how life is lived for the mass of ordinary people. The cinema, like the public house, offers them a cheap form of escape from the monotony of their homes. And inevitably the child must go with the mother. No doubt the television screen has offered and is offering an alternative which is already having its repercussions on the child of the future. But M. Bauchard does not discuss television at any length because he says few countries have a service which is anything more than experimental. To that extent his report is out of date and out of proportion for this country and the United States. As to sound broadcasting, M. Bauchard says, as of the film, that harm is done not by the children's programmes but by the children's habit of listening to radio programmes intended for adults. Nevertheless, as with the press, the producing side is severely criticised for its lack of ideas and 'failure to carry out investigations and opinion surveys'. Nevertheless one has the feeling that the producers of children's programmes of all kinds are not unaware of the complexities and responsibilities of their work. Unhappily few of them have either the time or the opportunity to sit back and undertake surveys. M. Bauchard has been lucky, and his readers will certainly be stimulated by his analysis.

* Stationery Office, 11s. 6d.

Those readers of THE LISTENER—and there will be many of them—who remember with pleasure the late Mr. C. H. Middleton's gardening contributions to our columns, may be interested to know that a project is on foot among Mr. Middleton's 'friends in horticulture' to erect a memorial gateway at the B.B.C.'s town garden in Cavendish Street, London, W.1—a garden which from time to time has formed the subject of broadcasts and which the proposed gateway would open to view. The Editor of *The Gardener's Chronicle* (33 John Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1) has agreed to receive donations to this end; any surplus after the memorial has been executed is to be devoted to horticultural charities.

What They Are Saying

After the Berlin Conference

THE PROSPECTS AFTER the Berlin Conference were discussed at length in broadcasts from all over the world last week. Commentators in both east and west agreed that the conference had been useful in clarifying views. On February 20 a Moscow transmission quoted *Pravda* as saying that the Soviet Union would continue to seek a solution of the problems unresolved at the conference, in the belief that there were no outstanding problems which could not be settled peacefully. In common with all other broadcasts from communist sources, it went on to pin the blame on the Western Powers. Points stressed in earlier Moscow broadcasts were that Molotov's proposals for 'collective security in Europe', which, like his other proposals, had been distorted by the west, were regarded by millions in Europe as 'an acceptable and indispensable substitute for E.D.C.'; and that the Soviet proposals on Austria did not mean a perpetuation of Austria's occupation, but merely the retention of some troops which would (allegedly) not interfere in Austria's affairs. A broadcast quoting *Pravda* commented:

The U.S.S.R. is guided by the single aim of ensuring peace in this part of Europe . . . and safeguarding the interests of the Austrian people who obviously do not want Austria to participate in military blocs or to be transformed into a *place d'armes* of aggression. . . . The Soviet proposals make it possible to sign the Austrian treaty in the next few days.

A 'Russian Hour' broadcast over Vienna radio said that the Austrian Government could choose between 'an immediate treaty with the temporary presence of limited forces of the four powers on Austrian soil, or no treaty for an indefinite period, in which case the occupying troops will remain in Austria'. To refuse the 'ninety per cent. you can have now because of the ten per cent. you cannot get at the moment is unthinkable'. Another broadcast from the same radio declared that the conference had not merely laid bare the 'true character' of western policy, but 'has set the goals' for the peoples of Europe:

The Western Powers came to the conference, which they were compelled to attend owing to the will of the peoples, intent on quitting Berlin as soon as possible and placing the blame squarely on the U.S.S.R. It is therefore important to realise that the conference has not broken down. The whole world has seen that, thanks to the skilful tactics and determination of the Soviet delegation, it has been possible to conduct negotiations in such a way that the Western Powers unmasked themselves by their negative attitude to Molotov's proposals.

The broadcast ended by saying that there could be German elections, general disarmament and peace in the near future 'if the peoples compel their governments to act reasonably'.

In an east German broadcast, Dieckmann, President of the People's Chamber, maintained that Eden and Bidault would have to face 'very critical parliaments who will want to know why they have so persistently avoided Molotov's proposals'. *National Zeitung* was quoted as saying that Bidault behaved in Berlin as though 'the entire French nation supports E.D.C.'. And a Deutschlandsender broadcast prophesied that 'the parliamentary guillotine is waiting for Bidault on his return'.

A Yugoslav broadcast, quoting *Borba*, expressed 'sincere regret' that the Austrian people should have been prevented by Molotov from 'gaining their deserved independence and freedom'. The Molotov proposals, said the broadcast, were clearly unacceptable to the Austrians, since 'slavery, no matter what it is christened, remains slavery'. On February 19, newspapers in Austria appeared with black borders to make plain the country's bitter disappointment, and commentators were united in blaming the Soviet Union for the failure to agree on a treaty.

The *New York Times* was quoted as saying:

M. Bidault spoke like the representative of a strong government with such effect as to restore French prestige as a power still to be reckoned with in the councils of the world. It is hardly too much to say that the western world derives more comfort from M. Bidault's performance than from any other feature of the Berlin conference. It goes far to restore confidence in his country . . . as a pillar of democracy.

The *New York Herald Tribune* was among western sources which welcomed the more cordial tone shown by Mr. Molotov:

Mr. Molotov has phrased his uncompromising stand in relatively polite terms. He has made concessions on questions of procedure and has consented to allow the conference to end with dignity, instead of trailing off into a futile and exasperating succession of stalemates and walk-outs such as characterised similar meetings in the past.

Did You Hear That?

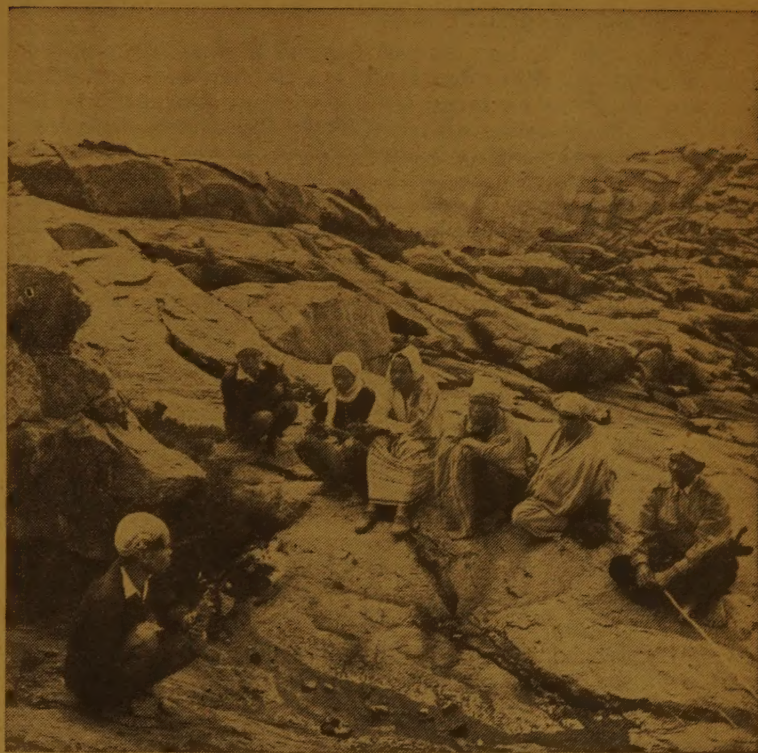
CLIMBING A SACRED MOUNTAIN

MOUNT KINABALU is the highest mountain in south-east Asia; it is not in the Everest class, since it is under 14,000 feet high, but it rises out of the equatorial jungle with sheer cliffs all round it and looking like some gigantic cathedral building shadowed against the tropical sky. TOM HARRISSON, who climbed it last year, spoke of it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The name Kinabalu', he said, 'means the Black Widow, and somehow it is a suitable idea because it seems there is a haunting, sorrowing figure up there in the clouds, with this mass of bare, black granite on the summit. Plenty of people have been up Kinabalu, though it is not easy, but my idea was not only to get up it but to stay on top of it longer than people had done before and study the birds and mammals and plant life on the mountain.'

'To get there you start out from the lowlands, from the coast of Borneo, with pack ponies, and you wind gradually for four or five days up the most beautiful bridle track with the ponies carrying your luggage, and, if you are light enough—which unfortunately I am not—carrying you. And so eventually you get up into the high villages, inhabited by people called Dusuns, in the foothills of Mount Kinabalu, at about 2,000 feet. From there you have to employ several leading Dusuns, who are the magicians of Kinabalu, because Kinabalu is a sacred place, a sanctuary and, in Dusun belief, the origin of all their people. These Dusuns go with you, carrying your luggage, such as it is, and, more important, making magical rites and sacrificing chickens, eggs, and various other things, all the way up the mountain to propitiate the Gods of Kinabalu. And they believe that if you do not do that you will die on the mountain: in fact, an expedition did go some years ago without carrying through these rites and a number of the people included in it, when they returned to the lowlands, very shortly died. So it is not a thing worth arguing about.'

'I climbed up with a party of Dusuns. We spent a whole day going gradually from the full equatorial jungle into the moss forest, which is damp, wet, lower jungle of the mountains, thirty or forty feet high, and gradually higher and higher until we were in an extraordinary sort of jungle consisting entirely of pitcher plants, orchids, rhododendrons, and giant heaths. And then we came to a cave near the summit, in which I spent the following twelve days exploring the fauna and flora of the summit and the area just below it. It was bitterly cold, wet, and miserable up there, but it was wonderfully exciting looking



Dusun porters on the summit of Mount Kinabalu

out over the whole of Borneo from that caveland world. There is an extraordinary collection of animals and plants, such as you do not find anywhere else in the lowlands, and in some cases anywhere else in the world. There is a sort of mole, a nocturnal mole, living on top of Kinabalu that is unique, of which I made a study. The specimens and material are now being worked out in Oxford'.

THE RIVER THAT FLOWED THROUGH MAYFAIR

'During the war', said LORD NOEL-BUXTON, in a talk in the Home Service, 'I read something which was to control my post-war attitude to London. I read in a daily paper that the old Tyburn River that once flowed down from Hampstead through Marylebone and Mayfair (under Oxford Street, I think) to the Thames—had burst its iron or brick encasing somewhere near the dip in Oxford Street by Bond Street station during bombing, under some store. I never had the chance to come and look at this considerable stream of the past for its few hours of eyeing the sky again, but I remember it made me think: "After the war, look into these things. Get some books about old London. See if you can find any clues to the past landscape where now the heavy blocks tyrannise. And especially rivers—look into them. Look into the Tyburn, and the Fleet River we have all dimly heard of".'

'It so happened that soon after the war I found myself living near the top of Marylebone High Street—or, I think I should say, I had (in a sort of sub-conscious sense) chosen to live there, for somebody had dropped me the hint that the Tyburn Brook flowed buried in that region on its way to the Thames. I was using a bicycle in London at that time and already by this means was becoming more aware of the "lie" of the land and I was already making pretty shrewd guesses as to likely stream valleys of the past.'

'Rivers and brooks seem to have souls and to delineate the character of a landscape. A lucky find in an old bookshop at this time opened up for me an entirely new field of knowledge and I felt like Keats in his sonnet "On First looking into Chapman's Homer".'

'I had bought, in two volumes of 1884, the Rev. W. J. Loftie's *History of London*. It was remarkable for its letterpress but equally remarkable for the maps it contained. There was the exact course of my brook, the Tyburn, from Hampstead to the Thames. There was the full course of the Fleet River. There were the courses of other brooks of



Section from map in W. J. Loftie's *History of London*, showing the lower course of the Tyburn

central London—the Westbourne, the Walbrook—all superimposed upon modern street maps. All I had to do now in Hampstead, Marylebone, Mayfair, and Westminster was to marry the information Loftie gave me with my own walking and cycling about. So I got clear in nearly every detail the course of the Tyburn, from Hampstead Heath to its mouths near the Palace of Westminster—the first Abbey was on an island—and Vauxhall Bridge.

'I began to see the area between Regent's Park and Piccadilly in terms of heaths, and dairy cattle, haystacks and turnip-fields, and almost felt I saw the ghosts of certain farmers—perhaps particularly farmer Willan whom Blake mentions in one of his Prophetic Books, *Jerusalem*:

The Jew's-harp-house and the Green Man,
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight,
The fields of Cows by Willan's farm,
Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

I think the Tyburn Brook ran straight through the middle of his holding, and it was not until the early eighteenth century that this scene was fundamentally changed.

'The misty evenings of autumn, even when traffic was still hectic in Oxford Street and Piccadilly, seemed a good setting for this revival of the past. You know that there is a considerable dip in Oxford Street between Oxford Circus and the Marble Arch? That is the Tyburn crossing. And I would follow down the valley southwards, mostly in the smaller streets—Avery Row, for instance, is particularly steep and secret—till I reached the dip that the same brook makes in Piccadilly. Of course, occasionally you come up against a dead end in a mews or somewhere, and are forced up left or right out of the valley. But often I could almost feel the river under my feet. It is a charming hobby, a good contemplation'.



Two examples of bird paintings on plates by Dodson (c. 1820): from Mr. Gilhespy's collection of Derby china on view at the Birmingham Art Gallery

PAINTERS OF DERBY CHINA

Speaking, in the Midland Home Service, of a collection of Derby china lent by him for an exhibition at the Birmingham Art Gallery, FRANK BRAYSHAW GILHESPY said:

'The attraction of Derby china to many collectors is that we possess a good deal of manuscript account giving details of the early painters and figure designers. "Quaker Pegg" we know was set to work at the age of ten to decorate pottery and later, in 1795, came to Derby where he painted flowers from nature. He was a serious and religious youth who had listened to John Wesley but was disappointed as the preacher, with advancing years, had lost a good deal of the fiery eloquence the youngster was expecting. After pursuing his art for some years, Pegg felt that he was transgressing the Commandments by delineating nature. So he took to the road and had a miserable existence for a number of years, making socks for a pittance wage. However, he returned to painting, and in a small notebook one can find at one end his sketches of flowers and at the other the rules of his Meeting House—a revealing and pathetic token of the past.

'Other early artists led more colourful lives. Many were keen anglers, and a few even more enthusiastic toppers. Banford, a fine painter of miniatures on porcelain, after a bout with the bottle wrote: "No man perhaps feels more pleasure in his sober moments in pursuing the laudable and sociable occupation of life than myself, and no one more wretched after a deviation from them, when returning sanity takes place. . . . A slave to vice is certainly a worse state than that which has been so truly pictured of the unhappy African, yet men pursue it with avidity". How true! Apart from the sheer humbug of this letter,

Banford must be given credit for reading missionary tracts in his sober moments.

'In the eighteenth century working hours were ten a day, and a wage of thirty shillings a week was earned by a good painter. Billingsley, the finest flower painter, was told to draw a specimen of small roses and asked how long this would occupy him. The management then costed this and guaranteed him enough of this kind of work to enable him to earn his thirty shillings a week: any extra work he undertook would be paid for. There were timekeepers, too, who kept their job secret, and cunningly never made an entry in their notebooks until allowing five minutes to elapse for their fellow workmen to be well out of sight'.

SNAGGING

'There is one job on the land that can last most of the winter—except, of course, when it comes to a full stop with hard frost—and that job is "snagging"', explained ALFRED HALL in 'The Northcountryman'. 'In some places "snagging" is known as "toppin' an' tailin'": it is pulling turnips and chopping off the roots and the tops.

'Snagging is a job that is not necessarily finished before Christmas, although it is often usual to get as many turnips as possible carted off and stored fairly early on in the winter—especially when they are for cattle feed. You have to use a chopping tool which is like a short sickle. You pull up a turnip with one hand; then, using the "snagger" in the other, you chop off the root; then with another quick flick you chop off the top which you are holding in your hand and the turnip itself drops to one side. You have to be rather smart to do this properly—to be a good shot! It is never long before a fellow who is new to snagging makes a bad shot and hacks a lump out of his index finger.

'Out in the middle of a turnip field you have no shelter. A cold, thin wind cuts right through you, your boots become heavier with sticky mud, and every now and again you straighten up your stiffening back for ease and wipe the drop off your cold nose-end.



'In time you have rows and rows of turnips, neatly snagged, waiting to be carted off. Carting can be a problem if it is wet weather and the land is "clarty". Tractor wheels sink deep and make ruts, you even get wheel-spin and cannot make headway at all. So for turnip carting many a farmer turns to his

old, faithful friend the horse. Horses do not bog down with wheel-spin. They just press their broad, hard feet to the ground, straighten their muscular legs, and with a pull which is akin to a lift they simply walk away with a cartload.

'Turnip growing has been a rather contentious subject in latter years. Because they are about eighty per cent. water and because they need so much manual labour many farmers stopped growing them. Instead, they have grown kale. But kale has its disadvantages, too, the biggest being that it has to be cut and carted fresh almost every day. And that can be a most uncomfortable task in wet weather. Other farmers have replaced their turnips and their kale by growing more and better grass and by making silage. But now that we are again developing our system of livestock farming, the turnip is coming back to favour.

'We have a saying in the north, "There's nowt like sheep for making a corn crop". That is simply the story of the golden hoof. Those sheep put fertility into the land. When they have eaten off the turnips the field will be ploughed and then sown with oats or barley and a grass-seed mixture. Then you can expect a good crop of corn. And next year the grass will come into its own and, because of those sheep—and those turnips—its fresh, green beauty will delight the eye and it will become a thriving hayfield and a rich pasture'.

The Use and Misuse of Science

By THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

THE history of civilisation shows how man always has to choose between making the right and wrong use of the discoveries of science. This has never been more true than in our own age. In a brief period amazing discoveries have been made and applied to practical purposes. It has become a platitude to say we are living in an age of revolution.

It would be ungrateful not to recognise how immense are the boons which science has given to mankind. It has brought within the reach of multitudes benefits and advantages which only a short time ago were the privilege of the few. It has shown how malnutrition, hunger, and disease can be overcome. It has not only lengthened life but it has deepened its quality. Fields of knowledge, experience, and recreation open in the past only to a few have been thrown open to millions. Through the work of science the ordinary man today has been given the opportunity of a longer and fuller life than was ever possible to his grandparents. Most thankfully we must acknowledge all that science has done and is doing for the welfare of our race.

But the gifts of modern science can be misused. The motor-driven vehicle facilitates business and gives harmless enjoyment to many; but it can strew the roads with dead and dying—over 200,000 casualties in one year in this country alone. The cinema is a means of instruction and recreation opening 'magic casements', but it is often a channel of vulgarity and false values. The wireless can link the world together in a moment of time, but it can also be the instrument of lying propaganda. The aeroplane makes travel rapid and easy, but it can also become a weapon of destruction.

It is this twofold aspect of the use to which science can be put that has raised in an acute form the question as to how far it is morally justifiable to make and perfect discoveries and inventions which can be used for purposes of destruction or result in the ultimate impoverishment of man. This, if I understood it rightly, was the dilemma posed by Professor Hill in the remarkable address he gave from the Chair at a meeting of the British Association*. He summed it up in the question: 'If ethical principles deny our right to do evil that good may come, are we justified in doing good when the foreseeable consequence is evil?'

Two Problems

He drove home this question by two problems. The first was taken from the development of nuclear physics. This, rightly used, should be of the greatest value to mankind, especially if existing sources of power come to an end. But at present the development of this science is largely with the object of producing weapons, such as the atomic and hydrogen bomb, of unprecedented destructive power. Is it right, therefore, to continue research on lines which may lead to fearful destruction, and is it right to keep secret the result of these researches? The other problem arises from the success of science in overcoming disease and lengthening life. Both the birth rate and the expectation of life have been increased by the removal of the older checks of hunger and disease on the growth of population. But the supplies of world food are not increasing at the same rate. Before long population will have outstripped the food available to feed it. When this happens the scramble for it will be intensified as the world becomes divided more than ever into 'Haves' and 'Have nots'. War for the means of existence will be inevitable, and in the fight against starvation the land will be exhausted and soil erosion will change fertile plains into dust bowls. Is it right to continue improving world health and reducing mortality if by doing so future famine and disorder become certain? These and other questions are a challenge to thoughtful men. *The Times*, in commenting on this address the next day, said it was a call for a statement of moral principles, and continued:

Theology was once known as the Queen of the Sciences. If science as the servant of humanity is to be sure of its direction, the queen needs to be either reinstated or replaced. . . . The throne is at present vacant.

To the questions thus asked Christian theology must attempt some answer, though often it cannot be clear-cut and decisive. The Christian

theologian is in complete agreement with the man of science when he asserts that the fundamental principle of all research work is unbending integrity, and that evidence must be followed to its logical conclusions however disagreeable they may be. The Christian must welcome truth from whatever quarter it comes, for his Lord is the Truth as well as the Way and the Life. A sound Christian theology insists that the love of truth is as important as the practice of truthfulness.

Reserve in Imparting Truth

But the unrelenting search for truth does not, however, carry with it the conclusion that when discovered it must at once be proclaimed to all and sundry. Men of science have always taken pride in the universal nature of their work; in the past they recognised no national or geographical boundaries, and they were able freely to exchange information with fellow workers in different lands. It is therefore repugnant to them when secrecy is imposed upon them. With this position Christianity fully agrees, for we should share unselfishly with others our knowledge and advantages. But Christian theologians have also recognised that sometimes there must be reserve in imparting truth, for there are many who are still incapable of receiving it, and to some it would be like the casting of pearls before swine. Truth must be imparted according to the measure in which men are capable of receiving it and using it rightly. The Christian moralist, therefore, holds that discoveries and inventions can be justifiably kept secret from those who might use them for evil purposes. A state is within its rights in demanding that secrecy should be observed about inventions made by those whom it has employed when they are intended for its security, but might be used by an enemy for its destruction. This secrecy is a temporary expedient due to the evil times in which we live.

It is over the application of science to human life that moral problems arise most sharply. The Christian approaches them with the conviction that every individual is of value. He is therefore bound to ask of any discovery or invention whether it will heighten life or destroy it. But life to the Christian means far more than physical life, for man has a soul as well as a body, and the physical side of his personality may be developed at the cost of the spiritual. The Christian must go on to ask whether a new discovery can be so applied as to enrich the whole of man.

Tested by this standard, all methods of mass destruction, whether by bomb, by nuclear weapons, by gas, or by bacteriological warfare, are condemned, for they destroy as worthless flies those whom God loves and has made in His own image. Their special wrongfulness lies in the contemptuous and indiscriminate destruction they bring upon masses of men, regardless of whether they are combatants or non-combatants, or of their sex or age.

The terrible dilemma then arises between refusing to make these weapons and thus endangering the freedom of a people, for this would be the result of unilateral action, or of making them and then employing them for appalling destruction. This can only be solved by international agreement with effective inspection and drastic sanctions for any breach. At the earliest practical moment renewed attempts should be made to forbid the making or the use of these weapons of mass destruction. Until such an effective agreement is reached the world is threatened with ruin.

Value of Human Life

The same principle of the value of the individual demands that everything possible should be done to preserve life. Once a human being has been born he has the right to live, however lowly or even degrading may be the circumstances of his birth or his social environment. The Indian, the Chinese, and the African have the same right to food and health as their more fortunate white brethren. Science has shown how crops can be greatly increased by new methods of agriculture, and how disease can be reduced or banished. But it can do comparatively little unless the more prosperous communities are prepared to make sacrifices

* This talk is a shortened version of the Archbishop's address to the British Association last year.

for the sake of saving the backward peoples from destitution and starvation. Such sacrifices may mean that the more prosperous nations will have to accept for a time a lower standard of living for themselves.

It is only when food is no longer the chief preoccupation in life and the struggle for bare survival is relaxed that man has leisure to concern himself with the quality of life. Only then will it be possible to educate him into a sense of parental responsibility which will prevent him from bringing into the world more children than he can reasonably hope to support. For however great may be the increase in the food supplies of a country, the growth of population will soon again outpace them if parentage is without foresight, and the birthrate of backward countries continues to multiply. Side by side with the aid that science can give in the production of food and against disease there must be moral and religious education in both the responsibilities and re-

straint of parenthood. The quality of life is more important than numbers.

Men of science have sometimes claimed that when they have made a discovery they have no more responsibility for its use than any other citizen; but in actual fact this is not the case. For they have an influence over contemporary thought and action which is possessed by no other class of men. They are listened to by those who pay little heed to the ecclesiastic, the philosopher, or the poet. Often their casual opinions, even on subjects outside their special field, are given reverent attention. They cannot therefore say of any of their discoveries: 'Take them, and use them as you think fit; this is not our responsibility'. They must educate their fellow countrymen to use rightly the inventions they have given them, and must make plain the terrifying results which may follow their wrong use.—*Home Service*

'English Law and the Moral Law'

By LORD JUSTICE DENNING

DR. A. L. GOODHART, the Master of University College, Oxford, is without doubt one of the greatest academic lawyers of our time. He holds a position almost equal to that held in earlier times by Sir Frederick Pollock. Like Pollock, he was for many years the Corpus Christi Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford. He is, like Pollock, the editor of the *Law Quarterly Review*, and writes therein comments on current cases which carry great weight with the profession. He is, moreover, the first person to whom the Government turns when it decides to set up a committee to revise or reform the law. You can be sure therefore that whatever he writes is well worthy of consideration, and his latest book, *English Law and the Moral Law** is no exception. It is based on the Hamlyn Lectures which he gave just over a year ago. Those lectures were founded under the will of an old lady who came of a well-known Devon family. She desired to bring home to the common people of England the privileges and responsibilities which they have in the realm of law and she left the residue of her estate for that purpose. This work of Dr. Goodhart is well designed to fulfil that trust. More than that, it propounds a new philosophy of law which is, I believe, destined to have great effect on future legal development.

A Dividing Line

The old philosophy which the students of my generation were brought up on was the philosophy enunciated by John Austin 100 years ago. This drew a clear and absolute line between law and morals. Law was simply a series of commands issued by a sovereign telling the people what to do or what not to do. Judges and advocates were not concerned with the morality or justice of the law but only with the interpretation of it and with its enforcement. Since my student days there has come into favour another philosophy, enunciated by Professor Kelsen twenty-five years ago. He too will have it that the law has nothing to do with morals. Jurisprudence is concerned only with the law as it is, not with what it ought to be: and the essence of law is that it lays down rules of conduct and inflicts sanctions.

Those are the philosophies which Dr. Goodhart attacks so cogently and, to my mind, so conclusively in this book. His whole thesis is that the law, or at any rate the law of England, cannot be separated from morals. The people of England do not obey the law simply because they are commanded to do so: nor because they are afraid of sanctions or of being punished. They obey the law because they know it is a thing they *ought* to do. That is the key to Dr. Goodhart's philosophy of law. Law, he holds, is a rule of human conduct which is recognised by the people generally as being obligatory. There are some wicked persons who do not recognise it to be their duty to obey the law: and for them sanctions and punishment must be inflicted. But this does not alter the fact that the great majority of the people obey the law simply because they recognise it as obligatory.

In support of this thesis Dr. Goodhart observes that 'there is a vast difference between obedience to force and obedience to law and if we fail to understand this then we shall misinterpret the history of England'. He takes this illustration: Suppose a gangster enters a bank

and orders, at the point of a gun, all the persons there to raise their hands. A police constable who is present, calls on them, as he is entitled to do under the common law, to assist him in arresting the gangster. The gangster has more force at his command than the policeman but there is no doubt that every Englishman present will obey the policeman rather than the gangster because he knows it is his duty to do so.

It seems to me, therefore, that Dr. Goodhart has made good his point that law rests on a sense of duty in the people generally. But the next question is whence comes this sense of duty, this recognition of an obligation to obey the law? It arises, he says, primarily from the habits of the people, from a general conviction among them that it is what they ought to do. Dr. Goodhart has given some of the sources of this 'general law conviction', as it is called somewhat cumbrously, but not perhaps all of them. There can be no doubt that it arises from our history. If you go back far enough you will find that, long before the Norman conquest, the law of each locality was something which belonged to the whole community living there: it was regarded as a most precious possession and one that every man was expected to maintain. The people had a great respect for the law, so long as they themselves had made it and it was not imposed on them from above. After the Norman conquest, the great King Henry II did much to increase this respect. He sent his Judges of Assize round the country and commissioned them to try cases with twelve free and lawful men of the neighbourhood. Ever since that time, continuously during the last 800 years, the people of England, by sitting as jurors, have taken an active part, indeed a decisive part, in the administration of justice. They have always had the last word on the guilt or innocence of their fellow-men. This participation in justice has, I believe, done more than anything else to establish the English habit of obedience to law which a great historian has described as 'the strongest of all the forces making for the nation's peaceful continuity and progress'.

Respect for What is Just

Dr. Goodhart recognises, however, that habit is not itself sufficient to explain the respect of the English for the law. Moral obligation plays a large part. There is the simple moral obligation to maintain order. People realise that without law the country will collapse and everyone will suffer. But most important of all, in Dr. Goodhart's opinion, is the moral quality of the law itself. People will respect rules of law which are intrinsically right and just and will expect their neighbours to obey them, as well as obeying the rules themselves: but they will not feel the same about rules which are unrighteous or unjust. If people are to feel a sense of obligation to the law, then the law must correspond with what they consider to be right and just, or at any rate must not widely diverge from it. In other words it must correspond, as near as may be, with the moral law. It is herein that Dr. Goodhart finds the strength of English law. He goes through the principal topics of the common law and finds that morality has played a particularly important part in its development, and that on the whole English law and the moral law are not often in conflict.

What is the basis, however, of moral law? Dr. Goodhart examines

the various grounds which have been given for it—religion, instinct, and reason: but eventually he finds that the basic premise of the moral law is that a man shall love and not hate his neighbour. The strangest thing to me is that, although Dr. Goodhart takes the words 'love your neighbour', he does not relate this precept to the Christian religion. In one place he claims to deduce it by the light of reason and quotes Cicero for his purpose. In another place he speaks of it as 'innate', that is, inborn, in all of us. It is at this point that I find Dr. Goodhart is open to criticism. If you seek to find the moral law by the exercise of reason or by asking what is born in you, I think you will certainly fail. Take the moral obligation to tell the truth. Judging by reason alone—or expediency alone—you will find that there is as much to be said for lying as for telling the truth. It is, I believe, only by the exercise of true religion that you can know what you ought to do. The precept that you should love your neighbour is a great Christian precept. Rationalists may think they can discover it by the exercise of reason whereas in truth they know it only because they—or their forefathers—have been brought up to believe it. The closeness with which English law approaches the moral law is, I believe, due to the fact that it has been moulded for centuries by judges who have been brought up in the Christian faith. The precepts of religion, consciously or unconsciously, have been their guide in the administration of justice.

Why Obey an Act of Parliament?

So much for the philosophy which Dr. Goodhart propounds. Now for its particular application. His best proof lies in the field of constitutional law. What is the reason, he asks, that we obey an Act of Parliament? Why do 40,000,000 people recognise that they are under an obligation to obey a statute enacted by a comparatively few elderly gentlemen sitting in the Palace of Westminster? It is not because of any command by the Queen. Even the Queen cannot by herself make laws. Nor is it because the people have ever agreed to be bound by Acts of Parliament. It is only because of the rules of our constitution, which are recognised as binding both by the Judges and the people generally. These rules of the constitution have never been commanded by anyone and there is no legal sanction attached to them. They have just grown up and are recognised as obligatory by the vast majority of the people and hence are law.

Thus far there is no difficulty, but Dr. Goodhart goes on to say that the powers of parliament are not unlimited. Lawyers often say that parliament can do anything it pleases except make a man a woman: but evidently Dr. Goodhart does not agree with this view. He finds that there are four basic principles which parliament recognises as binding upon it and conversely which the people regard as binding upon parliament. The first and most fundamental is that no man is above the law. It is unthinkable, says Dr. Goodhart, that parliament would grant arbitrary powers to the high officers of the state such as would bring them above the law. It is unthinkable, for instance, that parliament should confer on a public man powers such as the German Government conferred on Hitler in 1933, giving him the legal right to alter or suspend the constitution. It would seem to follow that, if parliament passed a statute to that effect, it would be unconstitutional and invalid: so much so that the courts would refuse to enforce it. I am myself inclined to think this is correct but there are many lawyers who would say otherwise.

The next fundamental principle, says Dr. Goodhart, is that the people who govern Great Britain do so in a representative capacity and are subject to change. If parliament attempted to extend its own life indefinitely, we should all recognise that the constitutional law had been destroyed. But what, I ask, would the Judges do about it? If a government with a slender majority extended its own life for twenty years and then passed various statutes, would the courts regard those statutes as valid? or would they refuse to abide by them? Dr. Goodhart does not ask that question or answer it. He goes on to consider his third basic principle, freedom of speech; and his fourth principle, independence of the Judges. He says it is inconceivable that parliament should today regard itself as free to abolish these principles. It may be inconceivable, but what I ask, would happen if parliament did it? Suppose it did abolish freedom of speech? Or suppose it gave the Government power to dismiss the Judges at will? Would the Act of Parliament be valid or invalid? The answer of Dr. Goodhart would be, I fancy, that such questions can never arise, but I do not think that is a satisfactory answer. The only proper answer, consistent with his philosophy, would be that any such action by parliament would be unconstitutional and invalid. This may be the right view, but it is a

view which has not been heard in England for more than 300 years.

From constitutional law Dr. Goodhart goes on to consider international law. According to the old philosophies there is no such thing as international law. It is only a moral code in accordance with which nations are expected to act. There is no sovereign authority which is able to issue commands to the nations and therefore there is no law of the nations. Dr. Goodhart will have none of this. We should not seek for a sovereign authority, he says, but for an international community—a community in which all nations recognise that there are rules which they are under a moral obligation to obey. The trouble about international law today is not that there is no law, but that it is so weak: and its weakness is due to a moral weakness in the world itself. There are many nations who recognise the rules of international law only when they are to their advantage. They break the rules when it suits them to do so. Even in the decisions of the International Court of Justice at The Hague, you will usually find that the Judge from any particular country will support his own country even when to all others it appears that his country is in the wrong. A notable exception is Sir Arnold McNair, the British Judge who gave a fine example of judicial impartiality when he voted against Britain in the dispute with Norway about the extent of territorial waters: and England has, of course, loyally accepted the ruling. Dr. Goodhart says that it is a matter for just pride that no other nation in the world has been more ready to recognise and obey the rules of international law than has Great Britain.

From international law Dr. Goodhart goes on to inquire how far the various branches of English law reflect the moral law. He covers a wide range with a sure touch. Perhaps the most interesting are his comments on the problem of punishment. There has for many years been a soft school of moralists and philosophers who think that punishment, in the sense of retribution, can never be justified. Punishment can, they think, be preventive or deterrent or reformatory, but not retributive: because retribution smacks too much of revenge—of vengeance—which is to their minds a barbaric notion. But there is little doubt that to all ordinary people retribution is the very essence of punishment. There is an instinctive feeling that he who does wrong should be punished for it. If the law should not give effect to that feeling, it would lose the respect which is its mainstay. From this point of view, the ultimate justification of any punishment is not that it is a deterrent; but that it is the emphatic denunciation by the community of a crime. Dr. Goodhart clearly believes in retributive punishment. As he pointedly observes, 'a community which is too ready to forgive the wrongdoer may end by condoning the crime'.

So from topic to topic Dr. Goodhart traces a strong moral element in our law. He has to admit that there are some points at which the standard laid down by the law is so low that no decent man would accept it as a guide. Thus, where a county council put a new boiler into a council house, but negligently failed to provide a safety valve for it so that it exploded and one of the tenant's family was injured, the court held that the county council were under no duty to use reasonable care and were not liable. Again, when the accountant to a private firm advised an investor that it was a sound concern when it was insolvent and he ought to have known it, the court held that the accountant owed no duty of care to the investor and was not liable. These are, however, isolated instances. Dr. Goodhart has no difficulty in showing that in the great majority of cases the law maintains, and publicly maintains and enforces, a very high standard of integrity: and by so doing it has led the people to adopt a higher standard themselves.

Independence and Impartiality

Dr. Goodhart in this regard mentions the rules of evidence and procedure but hardly does full justice to them. One of the greatest contributions of English lawyers is their insistence that justice must not only be done, it must manifestly and undoubtedly be seen to be done. They insist that the Judges must be both independent and impartial. They must hear all that both sides have to say, and decide according to the evidence before them and not on outside information. They must give their reasons for their decisions, and all must be done in open court. These rules have been found valid by long experience, and in the eyes of every Englishman they are essential to the fair trial of any dispute. Dr. Goodhart's conclusion is that the strength of English law depends on the fact that the people recognise that they are under an obligation to obey the law, and that this sense of obligation is based, not on force or fear, but on reason, morality, religion, and the inherited tradition of the nation. This is a great truth and it is a good thing that Dr. Goodhart has so clearly brought it home to us.—*Third Programme*

Must We Have Accidents?

By T. T. PATERSON

AS an anthropologist I used to go and live with the Eskimos, and I got to know a good deal about their way of looking at things. I am sure that if an Eskimo trained in anthropology came to this country to look at us, he would find some peculiar circumstances which we probably overlook ourselves. One of the first things to interest him would be the contrast between behaviour and attitude. Our religion enjoins the sanctity of life; we express a horror at the loss of life, we erect huge hospitals and build up large medical services to reduce suffering and death. But our disregard for the sanctity of life on the roads, in factories, and in the coal mines, would appal him.

He would not understand why we use speed the way we do. Why struggle to get to the end of a journey a few seconds or minutes earlier? Why speed up machinery if you are going to be tired and accident-prone at the end of it? Speeding in itself is not a cause of accidents: it is speeding at the wrong time and place. Somebody tells him that we increase our speed of living in order to earn more leisure. So he retorts, 'And at the expense of the dead and maimed!' The sociologist tells him that speed is an integral part, a necessary part, of our competitive industrial culture, and his automatic answer must be: 'Then the carelessness that goes with it must be a part of the culture as well'.

Some other informants will naively tell him that what is wrong is the lack of manners and discipline, that we have rules and regulations in our culture which would make life safer on the roads, and in mines and factories, but that people just do not obey them. 'Well', says our Eskimo friend, 'why do you bleat about the sacred freedom of the individual so much? On the one hand you deplore the pettifoggish restrictions of Whitehall bureaucracy and how it cramps your individual freedom, and on the other hand you decry the lack of obedience to accident rules. You *are* a peculiar people!' The Eskimo might even add: 'Is it that you enjoy being careless because it is a reaction to encroachment upon your freedom; is carelessness unconsciously a rap-ture of defiance and a release of irritation?'

The Significant Recurring Phrase

Towards the end of 1941 I was based with a fighter squadron of the R.A.F. on the west coast of Britain. The squadron was having a bad time with accidents. 'Have you been on the runways?', the C.O. asked me soon after my arrival. 'Did you see the aircraft wreckage out there? There have been ten written off this last month and I want you to do something about it'. The standard of flying was good, for a fighter squadron: that is to say, the breaking of regulations was not serious—all fighter pilots did that to some extent. But every now and then a pilot would stray from the squadron standard and crash. Nearly all of them had done this at one time or another, and from their casual conversation in the mess I soon got an idea of their account of the accident rate. Certain remarks and phrases continually cropped up: 'Bad runways—bound to bump and slip off'; 'No good going up—you're bound to prang'; 'Runways and rain, not a pub or a popsie'. Runways and rain—to cut a long story short they were being frustrated in not getting at the enemy. There, in the west, there was little warning of incoming cloud and rain from the Atlantic. If the cloud was low, interception was difficult, for the enemy merely went into it and our aircraft, of limited range, had little chance of catching them up. At night, in such weather, the pilots were failing even to sight the enemy.

Robbed of the real enemy, I gave these pilots a symbolic enemy—the weather. Instead of asking them to fly according to Air Ministry rules and regulations, I encouraged them to fly according to their own standards, but if in so doing they crashed, then the enemy had, in effect, defeated them. Since it was the squadron standard, the members of the squadron would see to it that none let down the side, so to speak. Their team spirit was enhanced. From being the worst squadron in Fighter Command, they soon earned a reputation for safe flying.

I found a parallel situation in a coal mine two years after nationalisation. As an after-effect of the changes, and through mechanisation of the pits, team spirit had broken down, and the accident rate was high.

I made an experiment with a section of 130 men. There was no lecturing, only the odd conversation with the influential men, and they were not the most outspoken. And a team spirit was developed, again round a theme of common value to them all: 'In the danger of the mine my workmates' safety is of importance to me', or, if you like, 'love thy neighbour as thyself'. Steel props which held the roof safe were painted yellow. 'If I put up a yellow prop', said the miner, 'my mate on the next shift will know I've made it safe for him'. Colour symbolised safety, not danger. The accident rate was halved.

Domestic Mishaps

The last example I am going to take concerns a group of 400 W.A.A.F. whose accidents were of the domestic type—burns, scalds, straining ankles, breaking bones, cutting fingers. Not only was their accident rate high but their number going into hospital with nervous dysfunctions was alarming. Again, the experiment did not involve posters and hand-outs, no lectures were given, no ham-handed exhortations to be 'good girls and do not worry'. I studied them in informal conversation with key individuals, and in their conversation with each other. Once more I found recurring phrases: 'Day after day'—in a weary tone of voice; 'Oh, I like it well enough, but it gets you down sometimes'; 'Nothing happens'; 'What's the use?' It was frustration again—and inability to see any meaning in the job. The details of the experiment are too elaborate to go into here. Suffice it to say that the informal conversations were steered towards the theme of 'service for others', and practical steps were taken to remove some of the causes of unrest.

During the six months prior to the experiment there were thirty-seven accidents serious enough to require hospital treatment. In the six months after there were only ten entries. Before the experiment in six months there were fifty-three hospital cases under the heading 'nervous troubles', and after the experiment only four over a similar period. I suggest this shows the close relationship between emotional upset and liability to accident, and is also a pointer to a probable relationship between our overcrowded mental hospitals and the accidents that are a blight on our culture.

People who have a high accident rate have been described by a psychiatrist as being generally 'decisive or even impulsive, apt to act on the spur of the moment, impetuous, rebellious against restriction by authority and all forms of coercion'. We are not all like that, but there are occasions in our way of living when most of us do feel we would like to kick against or avoid restraints. And usually that is when we are emotionally disturbed in some way or another.

The housewife, expecting a new hat, rushes downstairs too quickly in order to meet the delivery man: she falls. A miner has a quarrel with his wife as he leaves home, and arriving at the coal face, instead of using the safety device for the purpose, he uses a large hammer to knock out a steel prop, which is an exceedingly dangerous thing to do. (This was an actual case, by the way.) A child, intent on his new ball, may dash into the road after it although his previous behaviour showed that he had well learned the rules: 'halt, look right, look left'.

People Who Are Accident-Potential

People who become careless as a result of emotional upset can be called accident-potential. They are not accident-prone in the psychologist's meaning of having a poor co-ordination of eye and muscles. It is this co-ordination, giving the power of judgment of distances and speed, which, if you are a motorist, you know as road sense. The accident-potential people may have very good road sense but their road discipline is disturbed to such an extent that their road sense is inadequate to save them from accident.

Suppose, on his journey round the country, our Eskimo goes to the Hebrides. There he would meet spirits kindred to his own people, who do not feel and act as if speed must be pursued in order to provide

(continued on page 336)

I Remember . . .

The first of six talks by GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

THE Emperor Marcus Aurelius begins his book of *Meditationes* with a list of the people who have had special influence on him and taught him how to live. One cannot do better than follow at a distance the example of the saintly Emperor, and I shall try in these talks to speak of a few of my past teachers and colleagues and interesting people whose influence has in various ways given shape to my life. I must not indulge in personalities about living people, and, above all, I must not be too egotistical. But in looking back with these thoughts in my mind, I see that I must say two words—I hope not more than two—about myself, or at least about my own ancient weaknesses and prejudices.

First, I think a psychologist would say that, as a young man, I was often unconsciously seeking for a father. I had lost mine at the age of seven, and seemed to be feeling the need of an older and wiser man who could lead and guide me. I felt this the more because in my youth I was highly anti-clerical and wanted no truck with priests and parsons, and that for a quite intelligible reason. My father had been a Roman Catholic, my mother Church of England. The difference made no trouble whatever at home. But I learned early that by strict Catholic doctrine my mother was a lost soul, only fit for Hell, while many stout Protestants held just the same doctrine about my father. Well, I was very fond of both of them, and was not prepared to tolerate such nonsense as that.

Consequently, about the time of going up to Oxford, my mind was rather full of questions and aspirations. Though my education had been entirely classical and my chief interest ancient poetry, I had been reading a good deal of philosophy. I thought that at Oxford I should meet

teachers hitherto had been conservative and clerical, and certainly my tutors at St. John's were strongly of that type, Sidgwick was a Liberal all round. You could talk to him freely. He could sympathise with your ideas and express them more sensibly. I associate him a good deal with summer holidays in the country, when he bathed in almost every stream, and improvised Greek verses over every amusing incident.

Then, it was a great treat, in the monastic Oxford of those days, to be invited to his house and make friends with his delightful wife and children. It was fun, too. I often recall Mrs. Sidgwick's remark about the curse on the serpent in Genesis: 'On thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life'. It had been fulfilled, she said, on housemaids.

Sidgwick's scholarship was of a very English sort. He read Greek poetry as he read English poetry. It was alive to him. He was not learned, like some of the Dutch and Germans. 'In erudition I am naught', was what he said of himself. Yet when, many years after his death, I was preparing a critical text of Aeschylus and reading many extremely erudite commentaries, I often came to the conclusion that after all Sidgwick was right. He had seen and felt.

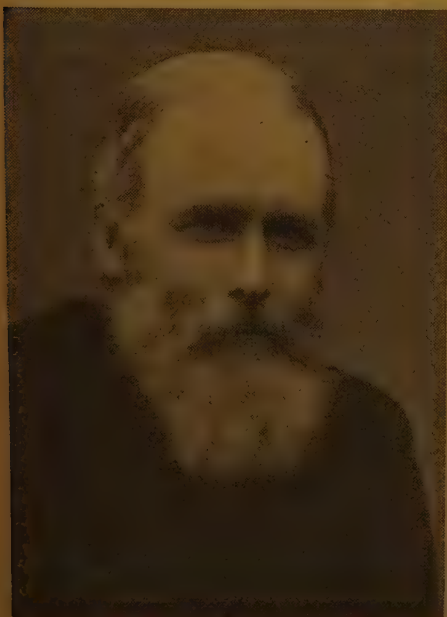
Another man from whom I got much encouragement and inspiration was very different, and perhaps too eccentric to be quite qualified as a father, a small, untidy, and rather shabby man, with a reddish-grey beard and a strange stammer, T. C. Snow of St. John's. He did not stammer over his consonants; he just stopped and said 'the gum, the gum', and went on again. He was learned beyond my dreams and most exciting. He lectured on Homer and on philology. He would anyhow have been hard to follow, but was the more



Charles Gore, 'the great High Churchman'

some great men who would give me guidance, someone as inspiring as Shelley, as wise as John Stuart Mill. Some approach to that I found later in such teachers as Alexander and Lewis Nettleship, but right at the beginning, to my great joy, I did find the Greek scholar, Arthur Sidgwick. In Greek poetry, at least, he fulfilled all requirements. I had long known and loved his books, I had once, incredible as it seems now, in an examination on Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* conducted by him, got 100 marks out of 100. He was a wonderful teacher. He loved his subject; he had a fine appearance and voice, and he treated his pupils as friends. Also, whereas my

so because he pronounced Greek in a highly scientific way for which we were not prepared. For instance, the common Greek conjunction *ὡς*, meaning 'how' or 'as', on his lips became 'horse', and the philology class once went wildly astray in a study of Indo-European relative conjunctions by seeking equivalents for 'horse' where there were no horses. He loved Old Icelandic and first opened a door for me to that wonderful field of poetry. He was liberal almost to a fault. When I asked him for advice about reading he said 'Go to the Union Library. The gum, the gum. Look along the classical shelves, and pick up



Arthur Sidgwick, the Greek scholar



D. S. Margoliouth, 'a miracle of learning'

any book whose title seems to you interesting. If it ceases to interest you, put it down'. I consulted him about learning German. I had to read so many German notes on classical books. He said 'Pretend you know it. Quite soon you will know enough to understand a commentary'.

He lived for ideals, and was indifferent to ordinary material cares. When he lost his collar-stud he tied the collar up with string. His house and family were all as untidy as himself, all as shy and unexpectedly witty. His daughter Matty won a prize in a *Westminster Gazette* competition. The problem was to write an answer to an uncalled-for letter, and she sent a highly suitable one from the Corinthians to St. Paul. I was surprised to find that, with all his liberalism, Snow was religious and High Church. Perhaps after all there was something. . . .

For another great friend, who was very kind to me at college and has left in me a feeling of gratitude and admiration ever since, was Charles Gore, the great High Churchman, afterwards Bishop of Birmingham and then of Oxford. He took me once for an unforgettable tour in the Dolomites, through Venice, Verona, Cortina d'Ampezzo, and back by Innsbruck. He was a delightful companion, humorous and kind, and full of knowledge of the kind I lacked, knowledge of the world and culture generally, but what impressed me was what I can only call a sort of saintliness. It was religious, of course, and I suppose orthodox, but it seemed quite different from the sort of conventional orthodoxy that I disliked.

Two small anecdotes may illustrate two sides of his character. Once he and Jowett were walking away together from a rather unorthodox sermon by the Bishop of Ripon, Boyd Carpenter. 'The dear Bishop', said Jowett, 'no one would have dared to say such things when I was young'. 'But, Master', protested Gore, 'did you think the things he said were true?' 'Oh, I don't know', said Jowett, who was not to be led into an argument. 'But they were courageous; that is what I liked'. And that was just the sort of Broad Church attitude to which Gore objected. He quite admired courage, he accepted much of the higher criticism, but what he cared about was that those who professed the Creeds should believe the Creeds. Yet he was really liberal. One time I happened to be sitting next to Gore in Convocation when there was a proposal to relax the old rule that examiners in Pass Theology must be clergymen of the Church of England, and the country clergy had been whipped up in large numbers to oppose the relaxation. It had been relaxed in the Honours school long before, but the country parsons had not known that and it upset most of their argument. They produced many rather helpless, narrow-minded speeches to show that orthodox churchmanship was more necessary to Pass men than to Honours men, and Gore suddenly whispered to me: 'This blessed old Church of England! Sometimes I think I shall join another body'.

Lover of the Remote

Another great friend appealed to quite another side of my interests. D. S. Margoliouth of New College, afterwards Professor of Arabic, was a miracle of learning. He loved the remote and recondite. He incited me, as an undergraduate, to read the voluminous scholia to Pindar, very impressive, but not very helpful to an undergraduate. Margoliouth's father had been a rabbi; but his appearance, exotic as it was, had nothing Jewish about it. He had high cheekbones, black hair, and vivid eyes of a sort of tawny yellow. *Questo bel animal feroce*, 'that beautiful wild beast', was what my wife's Italian maid called him when he came to our wedding as best man. His humour was famous, all of a sardonic kind and made the funnier by being delivered with perfect gravity in a musical melancholy voice. His wife once burst out laughing over some phrase in a book and read it to him. He replied without a smile that he could quite believe that, if it were well acted, one could see that the writer's intention was humorous. He was once describing the bad manners of some people on an oriental ship, and ended with: 'And they ate . . . so that it was quite a pleasure to see them'. When I stayed with him once in Mount Lebanon we had a neighbour called M'ghubghub. I wondered what the curious name meant, and Margoliouth observed that in form M'ghubghub was an intensive frequentative participle, meaning apparently one who repeatedly and intensively called at lunch time. We had a delightful journey riding to Baalbek and Damascus and back to Jerusalem. He spoke Arabic freely, but in so learned and classic a style that our neighbours were apt to address him as *Ya Abu-Suleiman*, 'O Father of Solomon'. He tried to explain that this merely meant that his name was David, but it was certainly more than that.

It was very interesting to me that when Mr. Gladstone came to Oxford about the year 1890 and saw all the lights of the place, he

said that the two who impressed him more than all others were Charles Gore and D. S. Margoliouth.

I have selected these names; but of course many others come floating up to me. Many of my own close friends and contemporaries, who were not 'fathers' but just companions, such as the delightfully witty Ashburner, afterwards professor of law, and H. A. L. Fisher, famous as a historian and as Minister of Education.

If there is any particular lesson which I learned or gradually absorbed from the Oxford atmosphere, it was I think the friendly tolerance which people extended to opinions which they did not hold. I have never known a place where there was more freedom of opinion; never a place where money counted for so little and intellectual values for so much; never a place so full of amusing conversation and yet so free from petty malice or ill will. Only after leaving the University did one realise what a wonderful place it was.—*Home Service*

Must We Have Accidents?

(continued from page 334)

leisure. It was a famous character of the islands who said: 'When God made time He made plenty of it'. On the mainland the Eskimo would find that standards of safe driving differ from place to place. It would appear to be higher in rural areas than in urban, despite the fact that the roads may be worse in terms of accident-labile conditions. It may be that the countryman is less likely to place stress on speed, for seconds mean less to him than to his city brother. It may be that the countryman also values life more highly and is more considerate of his fellows, for the city is not a nursery of such humanity.

There are other regional and group differences. Pedestrian road-crossing behaviour varies from city to city, as anyone accustomed to travelling will tell you. But drivers seem to be more courteous and considerate in one district than in another. Parsons are less liable to accident than students, racing drivers less than the city clerks who seek to emulate them. Such regional and group differences are recognised by the insurance companies. When I moved from Cambridge to Glasgow my insurance company required a much higher premium—from which I gather that there is greater risk in Glasgow than in Cambridge—though perhaps it is not all road risk.

Again, what is good driving for London clerks might be regarded as careless by long-distance transport drivers, and the latter's driving might seem careless to Somerset farmers. But the city clerks may have cars and road sense which allow of safe breaking of some of the rules of the road. The breaking of these same rules may seem dangerous to the lorry drivers who consistently break other rules, which in turn the farmers think dangerous. And officially *all* are careless in breaking any of the rules. The same thing holds for accidents in factories, and in mines. In two adjacent collieries working the same seams with the same methods and machinery, the accident rates are quite different. A hosiery factory in Scotland has a higher rate than one in the Midlands.

Our Eskimo anthropologist can now say that accident potentiality varies from place to place and from group to group, and that this factor is culturally controlled, that is, it is not purely an individual affair but is affected by the ways of life of the individual's associates—pilots, miners, city dwellers, country folks, and so on. Hence he would say that carelessness is dangerous deviation from local or group standards and not from national standards. And since it is local and group standards which have meaning to the pedestrian and the driver, to the Scottish miner and the Welsh miner, carelessness is not likely to be altered swiftly by national propaganda based on mythical national standards. In fact, we implicitly recognise the failure of national propaganda by the accent on mechanical means, road improvements, and protective devices, to mitigate the effects of aberrant behaviour. It is as if we say, 'We are going to have carelessness anyway, so let us reduce the possibility of accidents being serious'. Or 'Motor cyclists are going to have accidents, so make them wear crash helmets'. But accident prevention should be what the words mean, reduction of the conditions leading to accidents, that is, carelessness—which is a deviation from a whole variety of local group standards. So we ought to start working on these smaller groups and not upon the nation as a whole.

If our Eskimo were Chinese he might have said, 'Softie, softie, cathee monkey'—and perhaps he would have added that it would be surer and would cost much less.—*Home Service*

Ten Weeks in Brazil—VI

Journey to the Amazon

By JULIAN DUGUID

ONE fine Sunday morning, I flew up the Amazon from Belem. The valley was deep in cloud; but the jungles and the lion-coloured river were visible occasionally through gaps. I was aware of a tremendous desolation, of a wasteland too big to be imagined. At that height there was nothing to be seen of any human activity. Round Santarem, it is true, there were bright green open spaces where the Amazon cattle are raised. But the rest was water and forest far beyond the farthest horizon. It was difficult to understand how anyone could live in it at all.

I landed at the airport of Manaus in the hottest part of the day. The taxis had been waiting in the sun; you could lean against the heat inside them. Even when we started to move, it was only like stirring an oven. It was physically hard to breathe. After that, no heat could be unbearable; and I welcomed the comparative comfort of 91 degrees in the shade.

Manaus is a strange little city. It lies on the Rio Negro, near the junction with the Amazon main stream, and 1,000 miles from its mouth. You can see the rivers meet in a hard and rigid line. The waters of the Negro are black, and they do not seem to mingle with the buff waters of the Amazon which run all the way from Peru. Manaus lives by its waters. It could not exist without them. One road, indeed, there is: but it quickly grows tired of itself and dies into virgin jungle. Otherwise, it is boats all the time: 8,000-ton cargo-liners from Liverpool, Brazilian coasters from Rio, big tugs with 500-ton lighters from Iquitos in the foothills of the Andes, and tiny dug-out canoes with

Plump women with fatuous expressions reclined on sofa-like clouds and simpered at the men who were pursuing them. They were all dressed in sheets and were watched by well-fed cherubs, one of whom enriched mythology by striking a quite fresh note. Loyal to the firm that had commissioned him, he was waving a glass of beer. The ceiling itself was cracked, and I learned that it had not been touched since 1919. That gave me a valuable clue to the strange character of Manaus.

It was at my next port of call that Manaus fell gently into place. The Amazonas Theatre is like nothing else in the world. Three hundred feet above the water, in the middle of an open square, it was once famous throughout Europe. The dome is brilliantly coloured in green,



Floating landing stage on the Rio Negro, Manaus, and (below) houses at Manaus, built on piles on the bank of the river



curious heart-shaped paddles. There is also, to remind one of the dead, a rusty iron hulk, her three masts lopped short. She is the *Senator*, colleague of *Cutty Sark* and *Thermopylae*, but now bereft and undignified, a mere receptacle for explosives. Soon she will be broken up.

As I wandered about Manaus, I was oppressed by the oddness of its atmosphere. It is part of my job to be sensitive to what goes on in a town, but Manaus puzzled me deeply. It was not that it was dirty or unkempt. It had an air almost of bustle in the hot dry wind that crackled through the crowns of the palm-trees. Its houses were well-built and clean. Its buses charged busily about the hills. Their bumper-bars had pious little warnings written in bright new paint. They said: '*Deus te ajude*'—'God help you'. Brazilians are formidable drivers, and it was nice of them to give one a hint. There were occasional touches of fun. I went to the local brewery, which stood on a cliff above the river. While waiting for the proprietor to arrive I was shown to an enormous reception-room. The ceiling was painted symbolically,

yellow, and blue; and, fifty years ago, the best opera companies of Paris used to make the journey to the Amazon. For Manaus was rich in those days. It was founded on the boom in rubber: when men lit their cigars with £10 notes, and a frightful kind of slavery went on in the surrounding jungles. Now the boom in rubber is over. Manaus is not what it was: and I expected the Amazonas Theatre to be dusty, uncared-for, and dilapidated.

The truth was more dramatic and also, perhaps, more disturbing. When the caretaker showed me round, I was astonished at the air of orderliness. Inside, the theatre was clean: a beautiful intimate place with seats for 1,000 people. On the stage was a vivid backcloth depicting the Amazon scenery: the trees strangled by ropeweed, the herons fishing in the swamps. Only the alligators were inaccurate. There were far too many of them. The craze among fashionable women for reptile-skin bags and shoes has cleared them out of the district. A dealer told me that last year 750,000 hides left the port of Manaus for New York. Now you can hardly see an alligator within fifty miles of the city.

I stood in the middle of the stage and imagined myself an opera star who had come out from France to sing. In the stalls, there were elegant chairs with oval, laced-cane backs. Above was the horse-shoe circle with the Governor's box in the centre. It was cool, civilised, and refreshing; and I had to think hard to remember the pain and the blood that had built it. For, without the anguish of the rubber-tappers, this theatre could never have happened. They were always in debt to their masters; and they spent their lives in the forest making the rounds of their trees. There was no plantation-rubber: it grew, and grows, haphazard in the jungle.

The caretaker stood in patience while I pieced the dead days together. Suddenly, a couple of bats flew out from a passage near the orchestra. They wheeled and flickered through the stalls, climbed past the Governor's box, and then disappeared down their passage. It seemed that they lived in the place. There was a broken window at the back, out of which they darted in the evenings to catch flies high above Manaus, returning to their home at dawn. The caretaker shrugged his shoulders: they were a recognised part of the theatre.

He then took me to the room where the audience retired in the intervals. It was high, and of beautiful proportions; and it led through French windows to a terrace which looked across the town towards the Amazon. It must have been cool in the evenings of the great days of opera. From the ceiling hung twelve chandeliers of green Venetian glass, while above them and close to the walls were sixteen very much smaller ones. They tinkled a little in the wind. All were in spotless order. And then I saw what had troubled me in the atmosphere of Manaus. The room appeared to be waiting. So did the auditorium. So did the city itself. Everything was going on as usual, but there was a noticeable holding of breath. Yet it was an odd kind of waiting. It was not for tomorrow, but for yesterday, or, perhaps, the day before: for the glory that had once resided there and had now departed. After that, Manaus became obvious, though the people themselves denied it. They said they were waiting for an air route which would link Miami and Rio and make them prosperous again; but deep down they were certain enough that the trade of the Amazon was dying. There was still too much to abandon it, but it was barely paying its way. And many of the visiting ships were running frankly at a loss.

I went down to the wharves and the harbour. There, man has been forced by the elements to construct some curious buildings. The warehouses stand on piles; and the ship that was to take me to Liverpool lay 100 yards off-shore, moored to a floating stage. For the Negro is cruel in the rainy season. It rises forty feet, and the bottom of the city can be flooded. Last year, the Amazon surpassed itself when thousands of people became homeless and thousands of cattle were drowned. There is nothing friendly in the Amazon, except the men and women who live on it. Even these are beginning to move out: at least, those who are young and intelligent. As one of them put it to me when I met him in Mato Grosso: 'The Amazon saps you. The amount of energy it demands to bring you a decent living would make you a fortune elsewhere'.

The voyage from Manaus to Belem underlined the desolation of the river. Day after day, the 8,000-ton liner slipped between walls of forest. From time to time there was a clearing, a few mud and wattle huts, a cow or two among the marshes. Occasionally, a slightly larger village cut a hole in the general monotony. It was, of course, wild and beautiful. It attracted by its very wastefulness; and I am glad to have seen it once. But I should have liked to have seen some animals on the green fringes of the water. Not an alligator slept on the sandbanks, and even the birds were rare. I saw three or four colonies of egrets flashing their whiteness in the sunlight, and a couple of wandering frigate-birds; but nothing else at all. No vultures wheeled through the sky; and this was a certain indication of the poverty of animal life.

I took my pleasure elsewhere: in the astounding skill of the pilot. He was an amiable, middle-aged man who was kind enough to talk to me about his profession. The river does not run straight. It has innumerable lanes and avenues which, to me, looked precisely similar. It was a difficult job in daylight. Branches would open up. Equal-sized channels

would flow round islands, but he never seemed to hesitate. The liner moved smoothly on, with a three-knot current to encourage her. At night, it was frankly incredible that the ship could keep on her course. When one's eyes became used to the darkness, it was possible to see the black of the trees against the dark blue of the sky. This outline appeared to be sufficient. In his many years on the river, he had learned to memorise the tree-tops on every corner we passed. In rain, naturally, we have to. There are limits to magic and divination, even in an Amazon pilot.

All the way, we stopped for cargo. Five hundred tons of *macacauba* logs came from a tiny lumber-village called Fortaleza de Jararaca—the fortress of the fer-de-lance snake. Here a woman was boiling turtle-eggs, which looked like very soft golf-balls. Then, we called for hides at Santarem, where the bright blue water of the Tapajoz river flows through white headlands to the Amazon. Presently, we berthed in Belem, and the journey between forests was over.

I remember Belem for two reasons, apart from its humid heat and its air of trade evaporating. A couple of American agricultural experts took me out to their nursery garden. It extends over thousands of acres; and they are employed by the Governor of the State of Para to experiment with anything that grows. Above the flood-line, the Amazon is acid. It is not a fertile place once the jungle has been cleared from the soil. So these men were adding fertilisers, and trying to bring food into the valley. Suddenly, one of them said: 'But you must see our Jesuit chimney', and bundled me into a jeep.

They brought me to a ruined sugar-factory standing in an open glade. It was more than two centuries old, for the Jesuits were expelled from Brazil in 1761. The trees were 100 feet high; and, although one did seem fatter than the rest, at first I saw nothing peculiar. The Americans were smiling quietly. Then I tumbled to what was amusing them. That tree was not only a tree. It was a gigantic kind of wild fig, and it had climbed and encircled the chimney until the bricks were almost invisible. 'Pretty ruthless, the Amazon', said one American.

'We'll beat it', said the other cheerfully, 'by making it feed its people. They don't get enough to eat'.

* * *

I returned to the ship, and to England, with my mind full of Brazil. What would she make of her future? Would she tame her enormous territories, which are larger than the United States? It was a question I could not answer. The possibilities, of course, are tremendous. There are few countries in the world with greater-unused resources. Sooner or later, Brazilians must face their own empty spaces. Their young men will have to be inspired by what lies beyond the city lights. When that happens—and there are a few small signs of it—they will rise to their own true height. And I, for one, will be glad, because I like these warm-hearted people who are so energetic and so intelligent and, at the moment, so hypnotised by their towns.—*Home Service*

'With All Her Faults ...'

The first of two talks on Australia, by BRUCE MILLER

When gallant Cook from Albion sailed
To trace wide oceans o'er,
True British courage bore him on
Till he landed on our shore.
Then here he raised old England's flag,
The standard of the brave;
With all her faults we love her still,
Britannia rules the wave.

THAT was written by one Peter McCormick as long ago as 1878, as an Australian national song; and ever since then the line beginning 'with all her faults' has been rather upsetting to those Australians who do not admit that Britain has any faults. It has perhaps prevented the song from being universally accepted, and it is the line which appeals most to fervent Australian nationalists, who are apt to demand 'Advance Australia Fair' (that is the name of the song) when they feel that the Australian side of our character should be stressed.

This song holds the key to much of Australia's development. Australia has acknowledged her British ancestry, but with some discrimination. She has been overjoyed at beating the English at cricket; she has insisted on separate uniforms, separate rates of pay, and separate units, when her troops have fought alongside the British; she has developed her own idea of what the typical Australian is like, and she contrasts unfavourably with this her own interpretation of what the typical Englishman is like. 'With all her faults we love her still', the Australian says of England, as a prosperous young man might say about his dissolute old mother. This mixture of attitudes in the Australian is hard, I find, for English people to understand. Some say the Australians have been Americanised. Even such a presumably well-informed person as *The Times* correspondent on the present royal tour arrived in Australia with the preconception that Australians would be somewhat American. But this is wrong. The Australians are Australian; and the point is that they have worked out, by now, a special way of life of



'Shearing the Rams', by Tom Miller (1856-1931)

National Art Gallery, Victoria

their own, derived from, but different from, the British. When people in Sydney mobbed the royal car and shouted 'We love you, Liz', and 'Good on you, Phil', they were saying things that no crowd in Britain would be found to say, but they were not being American. They were being themselves.

What the Australians have done has been to tackle a stubborn, unique, natural environment with British tools: British ideas, institutions, social patterns, literary and artistic forms. In the process the tools have been blunted by the environment; sometimes they have turned into new tools altogether. I am using the word 'tools' metaphorically, but its application can be seen concretely in the case of the stump-jump plough—an Australian adaptation of the steel plough, meant to cultivate wheat-fields which had previously been scrubland, and had been rolled down and burnt, leaving the stumps still on the ground. Grubbing out the stumps would have been expensive; the stump-jump plough took them in its stride. It was a new tool.

Australians have not always been so successful in adapting their cultural, social, and political tools to the land they live in as they were with the stump-jump plough; for a culture and a set of institutions are not externals in the same way as a plough is. When the English, Scots, and Irish migrants came out in the nineteenth century, they brought with them their prejudices, their myths, their preconceived notions about social status and forms of government, and about art and literature. It is a commonplace in Australian discussion that the earliest writers and painters, in the first half of the nineteenth century, clung to English models to such an extent that the poets used terms like 'dells' and 'nymphs' when they were writing about rugged Australian gullies and aboriginal women; and the painters camouflaged the ragged, crude Australian landscape to look like English woods and Scottish moors. Some notable books were written by English exiles such as Henry Kingsley, Charles Kingsley's brother, who stayed only four years in Australia; Gerard Manley Hopkins' boyhood friend Marcus Clarke, who wrote the first considerable Australian novel; and the Cheltenham horseman-poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon. These men used Australian themes, but they were observers from outside, and the English element was strong in their writings.

In the late 'eighties and 'nineties, a number of artists, fresh from the impact of Impressionism in France, transferred the *plein air* treatment to the Australian landscape. Not until last year, when I saw the French countryside in summer for the first time, did I realise why this *plein air* treatment had appealed so strongly to Tom Roberts and Arthur Streeton; but then the dry, clear light, the sunshine on the stubble, the cloudless blue sky, the sparseness of the trees, reminded me irresistibly of Australian wheat country, and showed me how the Impressionist key had unlocked the Australian landscape to these painters. But they did more than find an expression of light, heat, and pastel colours of

brown and green and blue. They also—notably Roberts—painted those aspects of Australian social life which had already begun to gather legends about them. The bush-ranger, the shearer, the boundary rider, and the bullock driver were the archetypes of the equalitarian Australia which had sprung to life from the gold-rushes of the eighteen-fifties and 'sixties. They were the subjects of a crude but vigorous word-of-mouth literature.

Literature proper began to enter this field with the rise of what is called the bush school, or the *Bulletin* school. The *Bulletin* is a Sydney weekly newspaper. It was established in the eighteen-eighties to stress Australianism, by which its editors understood primarily the life of the outback, that life which was most typical of the new country. Short prose pieces and verse, mostly in the form of ballads, were collected from all over Australia and shaped into a miscellany which its readers recognised as home-grown. This did not mean that the styles were all home-grown, only that the subject-matter was. In style the bush bards cheerfully annexed whatever they felt to be characteristic of open-air life. Kipling was a great formative influence with them; so was Bret Harte; so were the other Americans, Jack London and Joaquin Miller. They did not want the styles of London drawing-rooms; a rousing metre and an exciting story were their objectives. At its worst, this writing was crude and dull and repetitive. But at its best, in the stories of Henry Lawson and the ballads of Banjo Paterson, it is fine writing. And its subject-matter is aggressively Australian.

This is the period in which the smell of gum leaves, and the yarns of mates around the campfire while the billy boils, first enter the national tradition with force and clarity to form Australia's distinctive national myth; I think that every native-born Australian, no matter how city-bred, has a vague feeling of being heir to the men of the outback and the women of the west. It is a myth in the Sorelian sense, in that it has a foundation in reality but has grown out of all proportion to that reality. The creed of 'mateship' which lies at the centre of it has proved extremely attractive as a basis for Australian national pride. It can be varied to fit pioneering struggles against drought and fire, soldiers' comradeship in war, and trade-union solidarity in strikes. 'A man must stick by his mates', is the way it is put. And it has, as I said, a foundation in fact. The inhospitable Australian environment enforced collective-action upon those who wished to master it, and the struggles to build an equalitarian society called for loyalty and solidarity if they were to succeed. Only equals can be mates—and it was the



'Passing Showers', by Sir Arthur Streeton (born 1867)

National Art Gallery, New South Wales

equalitarianism of Australia, contrasted with the stratification of society in Britain, that appealed to so many men in the 'nineties. It appeals to many Australians still.

The *Bulletin* was violently and ribaldly anti-royalist, and was opposed to imported governors, to Australian politicians and 'society' people who aped English manners, and to imperial policies which seemed to subordinate Australia to British interests. Story-tellers of the 'nineties, such as Henry Lawson and Joseph Furphy, glorified the colonial way of life at the expense of the English. One of Lawson's stories called 'Lord Douglas' begins like this:

The Imperial Hotel was rather an unfortunate name for an outback town pub, for outback is the stronghold of Australian democracy . . . from outback came the overwhelming vote in favour of Australian as against Imperial Federation. The Imperial Hotel was patronised by the pastoralists, the civil servants, the bank manager, and clerks—all the scrub aristocracy; it was the headquarters of the Pastoralists' Union; a barracks for blacklegs brought up from Sydney to take the place of Union shearers on strike: and the new Governor, on his inevitable visit to Bourke, was banqueted at the Imperial Hotel.

In this passage the notion of 'Empire' is identified with all that is respectable, anti-democratic, and un-Australian: yet the point of the story is that once the manager of the Imperial Hotel falls on evil times the bush unionists help him, and from being contemptuously known as 'Lord Douglas' he eventually becomes 'Old Daddy Douglas'. He adheres to Australian standards and has no more trouble. And it is characteristic of the bush writers that they saw no harm in fighting alongside England in war, as long as the Australians kept their own identity. The Australian contingents to the Boer War were largely composed of bushmen, Banjo Paterson was a war correspondent with them. Lawson himself wrote in 1914 a set of verses called 'England Yet', in which he mingled Australian and English sentiment and showed that the English were sound enough under their apparent affectation. With all her faults, these men loved her still—as long as she did not interfere with them.

Brash and violent at first, the bush school mellowed in the next thirty years. In national affairs a balance was struck between imperialism and nationalism; and the writers and painters, reflecting general sentiment, rested on their oars. The unorthodoxy of the eighteen-eighties became the orthodoxy of the nineteen-tens. Streeton and Gruner represented the orthodox Australian way of painting, and Lawson and Paterson the orthodox way of writing. Indeed, one can say that majority taste in Australia has not yet advanced beyond this point. The most popular pictures are still reproductions of the *plein air* school and their successors, and the two most popular local writers of today, Ion Idriess and Frank Clune, are respectively an echo and a discordant distortion of the bush school.

A Classical Intellectual Movement

The next significant move in the literary field came after the first world war. It was confined to intellectual circles, and did not touch the mass of readers as the bush bards had done. It consisted of rather precious young Australians, a number of them with the university training which the bush school lacked, who reacted violently against the rawness and crudity of the aggressively Australian life around them. Jack and Philip Lindsay, both now prominent in this country, were amongst them; so was Kenneth Slessor, who grew out of this phase to become the most considerable of present-day Australian poets. The movement reached its high point of expression in university magazines. Young men yearned for the Graeco-Roman tradition and its developments as seen in seventeenth-century France and eighteenth-century England; they drank wine where the average Australian preferred beer; they looked for satyrs in the Australian sunlight, and Pan and Ariadne in the scrub.

This was superficially like the early writers, with their nymphs and dells. But whereas those writers had been trying to make the Australian *landscape* conform to English models, the bohemians of the 'twenties were reacting against the obvious crudities of Australian *social life*, the harsher side of the new Australian society, in which people were content with jingles for poetry and approved of a picture as long as it had a gumtree in it. Against this the writers arrayed their attempts at intricate verse-form, their idealisations of European civilisation—an illustration of how Australian gropings towards a characteristic way of life, themselves partly a reaction against English models, had produced their own reaction. To the Australian intellectual of the nineteen-twenties, England could be loved for what his predecessors would have regarded as faults: aristocracy, patronage, tradition.

But this reaction did not last long. The great depression of the 'thirties killed it. Both art and literature were forced to make a fresh start. The bottom fell out of fashionable painting in the impressionist style, and brought Australian writers up against the problems of a society which was divided and confused under the impact of unemployment and a suddenly depleted national income. Since then the painters have been building a new tradition, heavily dependent upon European styles, highly sophisticated in comparison with earlier periods, but Australian in subject-matter and spirit. The landscape and the people jostle one another on the canvas; the sense of place is strongly expressed. Something of the same thing has happened to the writers. There has been a sentimental looking back to the bushmen of the 'nineties, sometimes with a desire to claim them as pioneers of proletarian social realism, but more often to find symbols and signs which could be accepted as distinctively Australian. Novels in Australia today are intensely concerned with Australian social life, with the relations between town and country and the problems of conflicting groups within the developing Australian community. At their best, as in the work of Kylie Tennant, they present a convincing picture and show, by contrast with the grotesqueries of present-day Henry Kingsleys, like Nevil Shute, the realities of Australian social life.

Present-day Development in Poetry

But it is in poetry that the direction of present-day development can be seen most clearly. Australian poets are no longer bush balladists; nor do they look for Pan in the scrub. A number of them are fine technicians who have absorbed the lessons of such innovators as Eliot and Auden; but they write of Australian subjects and themes. Beginning with Kenneth Slessor's 'Five Visions of Captain Cook', they have gone on to examine the early history of their country, to try to understand the minds and problems of the seamen and explorers who first had to contend with the hostility of the land, and have even harked back to the original Australians, the aborigines—despised or rejected in earlier Australian writing—to see what effect the country had on them. The poets are critical and detached, for the most part, and their work is received coldly by the average Australian, partly because it lacks the simplicity of bush balladry and partly because the average Australian has still not learnt to be critical about his country. To him it is still Australia fair, the land of gold; let it advance. To the poets—and here they are representative of the intellectuals generally—it is a forbidding country yet an enticing one.

Australian literature and art are now for the first time in a position to view the overseas scene with discrimination. An Australian writer of today is aware that he is part of the English literary tradition, and is affected by the tides of opinion on social and political questions which sweep the Anglo-American world. But he knows that his own country has made a tradition for itself, and that this is a worthy development from the parent tradition; it mingles the Australianism of Lawson with the classical and symbolist notions of Christopher Brennan, and recognises Henry Handel Richardson as a formative influence in the novel. In such a situation, an Australian poet has a wide range of subject-matter. He can write of the disappointments felt by earnest Left Book Club readers of the nineteen-thirties, and ask

Where are the phrases of yesteryear?

Another can write of a girl eating her heart out in an Australian country town, longing for the excitement of the city.

Cries the lonely dog all night,
Swims in the stream the shadowy fish.
Who would live in a country town
If they had their wish?

Another as modern as these, can imagine himself, fishing one night on an Australian river with aboriginal rock-carvings on the cliff beside, feeling kinship with the man who carved them:

I could have sat down with that man and talked about fishing
How the bream are fish of the night, and they take the bait
With a run, before you are ready; of the fabulous catches
For which we always got there a week too late;
And of how a man in the lonely midnight watches
Becomes himself lost in the blackness, has need of a wife or dog
Or a blackfellow's ghost to sit in peace by his side.

The Australian has thus his own environment, his past, and the world beyond his borders to occupy his attention. The poet and the country have both reached a stage of something like maturity; and this encourages discrimination and affection for the older tradition from which they took their tools.—*Third Programme*

New Light on St. Matthew's Gospel

By HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

ONE of my most treasured possessions is a copy of a book published in Paris in 1555 containing the Gospel of Matthew in the Hebrew language. The original manuscript from which the version was printed is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale. It was the conjunction of Matthew and Hebrew which immediately excited my interest when the volume was placed in my hands by a London antiquarian bookseller; for it was just this Gospel which, according to early Christian tradition, had originally been written in Hebrew. I imagined, however, that here was a translation, probably from the Latin Vulgate, made for purposes of missionary work among the Jews. That this was not the case I soon discovered when I purchased the book and took it home to study.

The Bishop of Brieu

At what we would call the end of the book, prefacing the Hebrew text, which of course reads from right to left, there is a title-page in Hebrew and Latin. This Hebrew title-page announces the work as 'The Gospel of Matthew, until this day laid up among the Jews and concealed in their recesses, but now at last, from out of their apartments and from darkness, brought forth into the light'. The Latin adds that a translation into that language has been provided, utilising the text of the Vulgate wherever practicable. Then follows a dedicatory epistle to Charles de Guise, Cardinal of Lorraine, dated from Paris, November 27, 1554, in which the writer, Jean du Tillet, Bishop of Brieu, relates how, while travelling in Italy in 1553, he had found the Hebrew manuscript among the Jews and brought it back with him to Paris, where he commissioned Jean Mercier, a Hebrew scholar, to translate the text into Latin. But at the other end of the volume Mercier himself, in his preface to the translation, has a rather different tale to tell: he informs the reader that the Bishop of Brieu had 'extorted' the Hebrew manuscript from the Jews of Rome for the purpose of examination.

This statement helps us to ascertain the circumstances in which the manuscript was discovered. It happens that from other sources we know that on August 12, 1553, Pope Julius III signed a decree for the suppression of the Talmud on the representation of Pietro, Cardinal Caraffa, the Inquisitor-General, afterwards Pope Paul IV. The decree was carried into effect in Rome with great ruthlessness on *Rosh Hashana* (Jewish New Year's Day), September 9, 1553. Not only were copies of the Talmud seized on the plea that it was inimical to Christianity, but every Hebrew book on which the Inquisition could lay its hands. It seems very likely that the Bishop of Brieu found the Hebrew MS. of Matthew among the confiscated documents.

A few years earlier, at Basle in 1537, a Hebrew text of Matthew had been published by Sebastian Münster. Dedicating this work to King Henry VIII of England, Münster says that he had received the manuscript from the Jews, the text being broken up into many sections and with numerous gaps. He had taken upon himself to put it in order and fill in the lacunae, unfortunately making the resultant version useless for critical purposes. Du Tillet, comparing his acquisition with the Basle publication, rightly says that 'it differs from the sort of thing, usually awkward and inept, which Münster foists on us'. But that there was some relationship between the text on which Münster worked and the Rome document seems certain. There are a number of points of agreement between the Rome document and another Hebrew version of Matthew which seems to be the one Münster had before him. This version of Matthew is to be found in Part XII of a Jewish polemical work in Hebrew entitled *The Touchstone*, written in Spain in the fourteenth century by the scholar Shem-Tob ibn Shaprut. In this book, of which there is a manuscript copy in the Oriental Department of the British Museum, the version of Matthew is divided into ninety-seven sections with many lacunae, recalling the state of Münster's text.

This version contains many paraphrased passages, and while some of the text agrees with the Rome MS. there are not only substantial differences, but also omissions, from which the Rome MS. is com-

paratively free. Shem-Tob evidently was not the author of the translation, and had before him a very imperfect copy of the work. We can confirm the greater antiquity of the text because it would seem to have been used in the previous century by Raymund Martini, a Spanish Dominican, who quotes from it in his controversial work *Pugio Fidei* ('Dagger of the Faith'), published in 1278. There are slight indications that the Rome MS. had originally been brought from Spain, and while much purer and more complete this too has evidently suffered from editorship by copyists.

The external evidence for this particular Hebrew version of Matthew's Gospel does not go any further back; but that a Hebrew version was in existence among the Jews at a very much earlier date—which may even have been largely the same—we can be certain from other sources, which show that the Gospel in Hebrew was read by Jews in the Byzantine Empire, in North Africa, Macedonia, and Constantinople. One of the oldest references is to a copy which was in the private library of the Jewish Patriarch Hillel at Tiberias in Palestine in the fourth century. We also have Greek Gospel manuscripts of the Byzantine period, notably the Ferrar Group, in which have been inserted in the margin variant readings from 'the Jewish' some of which agree with what we still find in the Rome MS. we are considering.

Let us now take a look at the document itself, which I have translated into English. The Hebrew in which it is written is consistent with an origin in the Near East in the fourth century, for it contains a number of words borrowed from Greek. A few examples are: *sadin* for 'linen cloth' (Gr. *sindon*); *siphug* 'a sponge' (Gr. *spongus*); *stratiotin* for 'soldiers' (Gr. *stratiotai*); *drakmon*, the coin drachma; and *pagam*, the herb 'rue' (Gr. *pēganon*). The last instance, which occurs in Matthew xxiii, 23, has an added interest, for 'rue' is read in the parallel passage (Luke xi, 42) where the Greek of Matthew has *anēthon*, 'dill'. It is one of the features of our document that sometimes it agrees with Luke rather than with Matthew. In quotations from the Old Testament the document does not follow the Greek Septuagint, but the Hebrew, though it sometimes differs from the accepted text. An interesting passage in this connection is Matthew xix, 7, on the theme of divorce. To the question of the Pharisees, 'And why then did Moses command to give a bill of divorcement, and to put her away?', our document adds 'if she were not pleasing in his sight'. The extra words certainly give point to the original question, 'Is it right for a man to put away his wife for every cause?' and they are taken from Deuteronomy xxiv, 1, which however reads, 'if she does not find favour in his sight'.

Amended Genealogy of Jesus

This brings me to the readings in the Hebrew Matthew, which are unique and of considerable importance. There are a number, and I can quote only a few, selecting specimens for their variety and their bearing on the value of the text. I will begin with a new name we find inserted in the genealogy of Jesus. I imagine that most of you have never troubled to read Matthew's list at all carefully; but you will know that he divides it into three groups of fourteen generations. If you will count them you will discover that there are fourteen names from Abraham to David inclusive, and fourteen from Solomon to Jeconiah inclusive, but only thirteen from Salathiel to Jesus. The Hebrew restores the missing name. Instead of 'Abiud begat Eliakim', it reads 'Abiud begat Abner; Abner begat Eliakim'. In Hebrew the letter 'd' looks very like 'r', and 'v' like 'n'. So if the copyist had before him 'Abiud (or as in the Syriac. Abiur) begat Abiner' (as it is spelt in I Samuel xiv, 50), he might very easily omit the second name by accident or as a dittograph. The omission can only be accounted for if the Nativity Story in Matthew was written originally in Hebrew and not in Greek. And this, of course, is true of Matthew i, 21, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus (*Yeshua*); for he shall save (*yoshia*) his people from their sins'. Only Hebrew clearly brings out the interpretation of

(continued on page 344)

NEWS DIARY

February 17-23

Wednesday, February 17

President Eisenhower sends a message to Congress proposing a number of changes in the Atomic Energy Act

Mr. Molotov puts forward a new plan for Germany in default of a four-power agreement on unity

All food rationing to end in July

Thursday, February 18

The four Foreign Ministers in Berlin agree to call a conference (including the Chinese People's Government) in Geneva in April to try to settle the Korean problem and bring peace to Indo-China. The official *communiqué* published at the end of the Berlin Conference states that no agreement has been reached on Germany or Austria

A White Paper on defence reports that atomic weapons are now being delivered to the British armed forces

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leave Sydney for Tasmania

Friday, February 19

The three western Foreign Ministers publish statement about the failure of the Berlin Conference

The French commander in Indo-China claims that the rebel offensive against Luang Prabang has been checked

Chancellor of the Exchequer says in a speech at Glasgow that Britain is meeting increased competition in her export market from Germany

Saturday, February 20

Thirty-seven Mau Mau terrorists are killed by security forces in Kenya in one of the biggest actions since the emergency began. General Templer lifts anti-terrorist restrictions in parts of northern Malaya

Blackpool, the Cup-holders, are beaten by a third division side in the fifth round of the F.A. Cup Competition

Sunday, February 21

More Mau Mau terrorists are killed in the action in the Fort Hall district of Kenya

The British Commissioner-General in south-east Asia visits Indo-China and has a meeting with the French Minister of Defence

Floods and cyclonic winds cause loss of life and wide-spread damage in New South Wales

Monday, February 22

Mr. Nehru appeals for a cease-fire in Indo-China

Commons agree to 'guillotine' on remaining stages of Rents Bill

Tuesday, February 23

Report of parliamentary delegation on Kenya is published

Navy estimates show an increase of £23,500,000 over present financial year

Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, visits Berlin and broadcasts to eastern Germany



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with the Commonwealth representatives in Australia: a photograph taken last week at Government House, Canberra. Left to right: Sir Stephen Holmes (United Kingdom); Mr. W. A. Irwin (Canada); Mr. R. G. Menzies (Prime Minister of Australia); Mr. H. Rahman (Pakistan); Mr. G. E. L. Alderton (New Zealand); General K. M. Cariappa (India); Mr. G. C. Nel (S. Africa); Mr. J. A. Martensz (Ceylon) and Captain G. F. L. Stivala (Malta)



On February 15 a new world record for an ocean descent was established by two French naval officers, Lieutenant-Commander Houot and Engineer-Officer Willm, when they reached a depth of 13,287 feet in a bathyscaphe off the coast of West Africa. The photograph shows crew from escorting ships boarding the bathyscaphe after it had surfaced



The French express electric locomotive which last week-end set up a world speed record of 150 miles an hour during trials between Dijon and Beaune; it was hauling three passenger coaches



Ski-jumping during the world ski-in. The event was won by...



at procession held on February 18 in west Berlin in protest at the Foreign failure to reach agreement over Germany. Similar processions were also held in Berlin where the demonstrators carried banners proclaiming their support of the Russian proposals made at the conference



ps at Falun, Sweden, last week.
ersen of Norway



Exhibition of Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London: top, a pair of bellows inlaid with the cipher of King Charles II; according to an inventory of the reign of William IV it was made for Nell Gwyn. Below: a gilt table centre (1842) decorated with models of Queen Victoria's four favourite dogs



A photograph from Indo-China which gives an idea of the difficult nature of the country in which fighting is taking place: French soldiers making their way through dense jungle



A combined meet of the Hextrop and V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt was held last week at Little Barrington, Oxfordshire. The photograph shows the field leaving for the first cover

(continued from page 341)

the name. Incidentally, it has been suggested that the reason for the three groups of fourteen names in the genealogy is that the name David in Hebrew consists of three letters, ד ו ד, the numerical value of which is fourteen, thus emphasising that Jesus was the Son of David, the Messiah.

This is perhaps the most appropriate place to mention some other readings in our document which point to a Hebrew text underlying the Greek. In Matthew iv, 24 the Hebrew has, 'and the report of him went out to all the people'. This is more probable than the Greek which reads 'throughout all Syria'. The entire clause is omitted in the old Sinaitic Syriac version, which may be due to what is called homoioteleuton, as the words 'the people' concludes the preceding clause (v. 23). A translator from Hebrew into Greek might easily mistake *haam* ('the people') for *Aram* (Syria). Such a mistake could also have arisen in two other cases, in Matthew xvii, 12, where the Hebrew reads *yiqbal* ('receive') while the Greek has 'suffer' (in Hebrew *yisbol*); and again in Matthew xviii, 16. Here the Hebrew has 'one witness (*ed*) or two'. The translator into Greek has read *od* instead of *ed*, and so rendered 'one or two more'. In Matthew xxiv, 32-33 a Hebrew play on words has been lost in the Greek. Jesus is telling his disciples that just as when the fig tree puts on leaves they know that summer is near, so when various calamities overtake the earth they will know that the End is at hand. When we realise that 'summer' (the season of ripe fruit) in Hebrew is *qayitz* and 'the End' is *qetz* we can see how apt is the saying. The very same play on words is found in the Hebrew of Amos viii, 2.

A very interesting difference is in the cry of Jesus from the Cross. Here the Hebrew reads, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forgotten me (*shakachtani*)?' instead of the Aramaic 'forsaken me' (*sabachthani*). The Hebrew therefore refers us not to Psalm xxii, 1, but to Psalm xlii, 9, 'I will say unto God my Rock, why hast thou forgotten me?' When we look at the context in this Psalm I think we shall agree that the variant in our document has much to commend it.

I particularly like the Hebrew of Matthew viii, 20: 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man has not a floor whereon he may lay his head'. The additional word floor makes the saying of Jesus both more apposite and more poignant. The 'floor' was the meanest and cheapest accommodation provided in the village khan or caravanserai, a paved recess, raised a foot or two above the level of the courtyard where the cattle were tied. Another addition to a saying of Jesus occurs at Matthew x, 37, where instead of 'whoso loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me', the Hebrew has, 'whoso loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy to be with me in the Kingdom of Heaven'.

Finally, I would like to quote Matthew vii, 1-2, which restores a poetic parallelism lost in the Greek. Jesus says:

'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.

Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned.

For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged,

And with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again'.

The second line is absent from the Greek Matthew, but is found in Luke vi, 37, though the whole saying there is considerably expanded. Our text has preserved the correct parallelism between the first and third, and the second and fourth lines.

What I have been able to give you is, of course, no more than a glimpse of the characteristics of this fascinating Hebrew version; but enough to show that it does throw new light on the text of Matthew's Gospel. I am not suggesting for one moment that the Hebrew is anything more than a translation, probably from a form of the Greek text of which we do not now possess an example. It does, however, provide fresh evidence which can assist us in solving the long-debated problem of the literary sources of the Synoptic Gospels, Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

It has been the consistent tradition of the Church from the earliest times that Matthew, in particular, wrote in Hebrew. Yet our Greek Matthew, which is contained in the New Testament, is evidently not a translation, and, like Luke, utilised a Greek form of Mark and another major source in Greek to which scholars have given the name of Q, standing for the German *Quelle*, meaning source. How are these apparently contradictory facts to be reconciled? We have also to bring into the picture the additional fact that there once existed an Aramaic Gospel, akin to Matthew, in use among the Jewish Christians of Palestine down to the fifth century, of which fragments only have survived in quotations. These exhibit certain features in common with the Rome MS., and which as regards the lost Gospel according to the Hebrews were described more than seventy years ago by E. B. Nicholson as (1) close affinity with Matthew; (2) less close, but still marked affinity with Luke; and (3) decided independence of both.

It has been commonly held that as the first Christians were Aramaic-speaking Jews, the Gospel was first transmitted orally in Aramaic, and interpreted in Greek for the benefit of Greek-speaking audiences. From such interpretations written Greek documents were compiled, which afterwards served as a basis for our Gospels. This hypothesis does not cover all the facts. Among other things it ignores the literary capacity of the membership of the original Jewish Church of Jerusalem, consisting of many Pharisees and Priests. It also does not allow for the recent evidence that semi-sacred writings, apocalyptic and didactic, were being written and read in such circles in Hebrew rather than in Aramaic.

The determination of the language in which the teaching of Christ was originally recorded is of the highest importance. I cannot go into this problem now. I can only tell you that I believe it to be capable of a complete and satisfactory solution, which will establish that Q, the second source of Matthew and Luke, was originally written in Hebrew. To this solution the version of Matthew discovered among the Jews of Rome 400 years ago will in no small measure have contributed.

—Third Programme

The Underworld of Victorian Politics

By W. L. BURN

IN 1857 there died one James Coppock. For twenty years he had been important in British politics. Yet he had never been in Parliament; he made no speeches and he enunciated no doctrines. He was a solicitor by profession, a parliamentary agent by choice; his concern was almost exclusively with elections and election petitions. He affected no humility about his competence. 'From your experience', he was once asked, 'I suppose you do not often ask for suggestions?' 'I do not, in election petitions . . . I have seen as much as any man living of election petitions. I do not ask advice very much on practical points'. He had no need to, for he knew the whole unsavoury business from beginning to end. His ordinary work was the conduct of such petitions, in the Liberal interest.

But he did a great deal more than this. On occasion he was the link between constituencies and the Liberal Whips. If it was decided to support the Liberal cause in a particular constituency by a gift of money Coppock was likely to be the channel through which it was sent, no doubt with advice on the safest and most effective ways of

spending it. If an election committee wanted a stranger to do the actual bribing, Coppock could probably help them. Thus, when the Cambridge Liberals sought his assistance in 1841 he sent them a man named Hart, alias Jones, who had acquired his experience in that great school of political corruption, the city of Norwich. But even Coppock was not infallible. The first elector whom Hart tried to bribe informed against him and he was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Coppock put up the money for his defence and gave him £100 from the Liberal funds. Eleven years later he was asked if he had been aware that Hart was to be employed in bribery. 'I made no enquiries', Coppock said. 'I understood it perfectly, as every man conversant with elections does'. 'The crime of bribery', he added, 'is in the detection, unfortunately; it is not in the commission'.

Coppock assumed that bribery in elections was normal and general and that the elaborate machinery of petitions and investigations was chiefly 'to satisfy public appearances'. He believed, and his belief

was confirmed by his opposite number on the Conservative side, H. E. Brown, that there were very few returns in contested borough elections which could not be upset for bribery or other violations of the law. Whether it was worth while to upset them was another matter. Defeated candidates who wanted to unseat their successful opponents at any cost were apt to be deflated by the professionals, Coppock and Brown, who saw no use in unseating a member if another candidate of the same party were certain to be returned. They fought the cases where success would be useful and compromised the rest, if they could. In 1852, for instance, they settled ten disputed elections on the basis of what insurance companies call 'knock-for-knock' agreements.

The Truth—Up to a Point

When Coppock was engaged in an election case his policy was simple: to bring out the truth as far as it could damage the other side and to conceal it as far as it could damage his own. When he was cross-examined by Thesiger about the compromising of an election petition from Berwick-on-Tweed he bore himself with astonishing impudence. 'All I tell is the truth', he said. 'That which I conceal I do not tell'. 'Then you are not telling the truth', Thesiger said, 'if part of the truth is concealed?' 'I am not telling an untruth', Coppock answered, 'I intended to tell the committee as little as possible on the matter. My object in appearing before a committee is to do my duty to my client; the committee must take care of themselves'.

You may remember Thackeray's description of Rawdon Crawley's friend, Captain Macmurdo: 'There can scarcely be a life lower, perhaps, than this', Thackeray wrote, 'but he was quite contented with it, such as it was, and led it with perfect good nature, simplicity, and modesty of demeanour'. Perhaps the same could be said of James Coppock. His clients got a good fight for their money. His opponents could rely on his sticking to a bargain if he made one. 'He was a man *sui generis*', said *The Times*, 'and politics were his calling and his pleasure. Probably our future electoral system will never create, nor need, a second James Coppock'.

You will have noticed that Coppock flourished after, not before, the parliamentary reforms of 1832. The belief that those reforms substituted purity for corruption in elections is one of the many illusions entertained about nineteenth-century England. It was not a belief held by contemporaries: they were anxiously aware, in the quarter of a century after 1832, that corruption was increasing, not declining, especially in medium-sized boroughs. Improvements in organisation and communications, which assisted so many Victorian business enterprises, were assisting this also. It was not easy to find remedies; prosecutions were uncertain in their results and very expensive; legislation, of course, demanded the concurrence of the House of Commons and a good many M.P.s could not approach the matter with clean hands. There was some improvement by 1860 but it was far from uniform. The Beverley election of 1868 was so grossly corrupt that the borough was subsequently disenfranchised. Anthony Trollope, who stood as a Liberal and came in at the bottom of the poll, gave, in *Ralph the Heir*, a description of what happened. Even the introduction of vote by ballot did not immediately end the giving and taking of bribes. Its supporters had assumed that no one would trouble to bribe an elector when they could no longer be certain how he voted. But they took too low a view of human nature, for most electors voted for the side whose money they had taken even when they voted by ballot.

Roguary and Twisted Honesty

The same mixture of roguary with a sort of twisted honesty runs through the whole business. It seldom happened that an elector who had taken a bribe from one side would take a higher bribe to vote for the other. Indeed, a good many electors accepted bribes to vote for the party they would have voted for in any event, if they had voted at all. The wife of such an elector, a Cambridge labourer who had received £9, said of him, 'He would have given his vote to the Tories if we had never had a farthing, for he has always voted for the Tories and always will'. Up to a point bribes took the place of the propaganda and organisation which nowadays are applied to induce electors to perform the act of voting. In the days of open voting a man who voted could easily expose himself to retaliation: he might be mobbed on his way home, he might lose custom in his shop. In many instances it would have been easier for him not to vote at all; if he were to do something which might be unpleasant and even dangerous he required a tangible inducement.

But that is only part of the story. If some electors took money to

vote in accordance with their convictions a good many others formed their convictions according to the offers held out to them. The poor but honest elector debauched by the wealthy candidate is largely a figment of the imagination. 'The devils want buying', said a Radical organiser to his assistant at Hull, 'and you must step in and buy them'. Sometimes groups of electors organised themselves for collective bargaining. That happened at Barnstaple in 1852 when a body of men who were to vote for the first time agreed to vote one way and appointed a secretary to decide, by negotiation, which way that should be. In Canterbury a family of the name of Styles, which comprised nine or ten electors, conducted negotiations as a unit and in 1841, when there was a by-election as well as a general election, netted more than £200.

Naturally, the men who paid the bribes and the men who received them kept their eyes pretty closely on each other. Most of the organisers tried to evade the law by paying the money after the poll, sometimes weeks after it. The voters, on the other hand, wanted their money either before they voted or immediately afterwards. This was not as much because they feared they would be deliberately defrauded—that would have been a short-sighted policy—as because they were afraid, often with reason, that the supply of money would run short. Again, the elector wanted to postpone voting until the last moment so that he could enjoy as much as possible of the free food and drink which the candidate almost invariably provided for him. The organiser wanted the votes given as soon as possible; to make sure they were given, to minimise the expenses, and to avoid the danger that when the time came the elector might be too drunk—even by tolerant standards—to cast his vote. At Maldon an old man came out of the workhouse two days before polling-day because, as he explained: 'I do not like to be shut in there, not at election times'. He spent a bibulous two days: 'I had a-plenty', he admitted. On the morning of polling-day he was given his breakfast and then, in his own words, 'They wanted me to poll at once but I went to the Blue Boar in a carriage, had a little brandy-and-water and then voted'.

Bribe Fixed by Custom

In some boroughs the size of the bribe was more or less fixed by custom and tickets were issued by the parties entitling the recipients to free food and drink during the election and £1 or 10s. afterwards. But where the bribe was higher and more variable it became the subject of hard bargaining: £10 was the average price at Cambridge; a Shrewsbury man boasted that £20 was paid there; a Clitheroe elector refused £40 but missed his market in consequence. It was not to be expected that all the money which came out of the election funds found its way into the pockets of the electors. Sometimes a man would undertake to produce, let us say thirty votes for £150 and perhaps make £50 on the transaction. And usually the subordinate organisers took what we would call their 'rake-off', at an average of something like ten per cent. This was known as 'sweating the bribe' and was a standing source of grievance to voters.

The other preoccupation of the organisers was, naturally, with the organisers on the other side who were ready to entrap them and so provide evidence for having the election declared void. There were innumerable ways of doing this. In constituencies with a bad record for bribery one party might decide, at a particular election, not to bribe, to allow its opponents to win by the old methods and then to petition against the return. Each side cultivated the informer and the potential informer. At Clitheroe in 1852 a Conservative accepted £30 to vote for the Liberal candidate and then, as soon as he had voted and received the money in notes, took the notes to the Conservative committee rooms to serve as evidence for the inevitable and successful petition. At Derby in the same year the Liberals received information which procured the arrest of a man who was caught red-handed paying out money to Conservative voters. He was a Shrewsbury man, specially sent over in accordance with the common policy of employing strangers who could disappear after they had done their work. But the danger was that strangers could more easily be outwitted: a first-class local man was better.

Such a man was Sam Long, of Cambridge, who became in 1839 the chief briber in the Conservative interest there, being found 'to possess in an eminent degree the qualifications for that appointment'. He held no communication with any of the Conservative candidates: the less that the candidates knew of the way in which elections were conducted the better for everyone concerned. Nor was Long in close touch with the Conservative committee as a whole but he had a link with them in the

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person of one of their members who provided him with, or placed at his disposal, the money required. One of Long's duties was to bring voters, if they needed bringing, into a state of mind when they would accept a bribe, and in this field he developed a good working knowledge of practical psychology. He found that the first thing was to induce the voter to believe that it would make no tangible difference to him which party won. When this was done, Long's work was more than half finished. The next thing was to explain to the voter how he could turn his rights to pecuniary advantage; the last was to fix the specific amount of the bribe.

Long was aware that a voter who had accepted a bribe would try to induce others to do the same and such men were very useful to him in extending the range of his contacts. But he possessed qualities which they did not. For one thing, he was known to be scrupulous in fulfilling his promises, even if he had to spend his own money in doing so. In 1839 he was convicted of bribery and sent to prison. As a compensation he was given £200 from Conservative funds, which he gallantly used in the 1845 election when money ran short. Such a man inspired confidence in the voters, but unfortunately his £200 had not been returned to him and he was not employed by the Conservatives at the beginning of the 1852 election. He soon altered this by passing the time of day, publicly, with one of the Liberal candidates. The Conservatives, as he intended, jumped to the conclusion that he meant to offer his talents to the Liberals and hastily offered him the engagement with them which he wanted, at a fee of £100.

He had learned prudence by this time. It was his boast that he could effectively bribe a voter without saying a word and that he had once been followed all over Cambridge by a Liberal spy who failed to obtain a scrap of evidence against him. On the polling day in July 1852 he set up his headquarters in the Butcher's Arms and interviewed the voters whom his henchmen brought to him. He merely repeated a

formula: 'You go and do right and I will do right'; but that was enough, because he was trusted. Some of the voters had to wait for their money until the following autumn when it was distributed at night by two veiled women; but with Long in charge they could be sure of getting it in the end.

It would be childish to suggest that such men as Coppock and Long were monsters whose disappearance from the political scene changed it from black to white. There are forms of political bribery compared with which the giving and receiving of cash for votes are innocent and almost wholesome transactions. But it does not follow that Coppock and Long were innocent or wholesome. Their business was to evade the law, or, if that could not be done, to violate it without detection. Their actions, though they were confined to one part of the law, tended to bring the whole of it into disrepute. That was a serious thing. Moreover, there was a real danger in the eighteen-fifties that a purely mercenary system would become irrevocably established in some boroughs. 'Saints', as a Conservative Whip remarked, were 'not fit for contested elections', and the character of many borough constituencies had become such that men of scruples or moderate means would not contest them.

Over and above this, the flagrant practice of bribery brought the representative system as a whole into contempt. Our history would have been very different if the House of Commons had forfeited public respect; and if a number of its members had continued to be elected through the use of the methods I have discussed it probably would have done so. That danger, at least, was averted by one of those dead lifts of the national conscience of which the Victorians were capable. But with the old system there disappeared a great deal of fun, a certain amount of rather shabby skill, and some entertaining characters who would have looked on our present elections as about as exciting as a wet Bank Holiday.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Teller and the Told

Sir,—In answer to Mr. Hardie, my talks on the novel have been about the way in which the conceptual language of narrative reveals, as the perceptual terms of most drama would not do, our feeling of being simultaneously in ourselves and in others, in the present and in the past, in a world of realities and in imagination. A good novelist will in particular encourage us to recognise the difference between first and third person, as Dickens does with the ironic first person of fictitious autobiography, or Flaubert and Dos Passos with the ironic third person. As opposed to Stendhal, who largely identifies us with his clever heroes, Dostoevsky, I believe, can always go one better, since he diagnoses the will to power that our western rationalism and individualism naturally foster.

I find Alyosha enigmatic because he was a Karamazov as well as a monk, even to the extent of understanding parricide. The theme of the book is, in Ivan's words at the trial, 'who isn't a parricide at heart?' and Dostoevsky was as much immersed in his reading of Schiller as in any circumstances of his own life. The ethics canvassed by him in *Notes from Underground* and the fable of the Grand Inquisitor are non-Euclidean ethics, not a simple right and wrong. This is not very comforting, when comfort is so understandably what we are all after, but as Dostoevsky wrote in that important preface to *The Brothers Karamazov*, 'in our time, it would be odd to demand that people should be made clear and simple!'

In talking of different types of thinker, I had in mind the analysis to which this country was introduced twenty years ago by that remarkable refugee scientist, the late Professor Mannheim. The great figure of eighteenth-century culture

is the liberal, whilst the great discovery of the historically minded nineteenth century is conservatism. The liberal is one who lives in hope, on ideas, like Stendhal; the conservative lives on bitter experience, like Balzac. A third type reconciles these conflicting points of view; he is the communist, who finds in his experience grounds for hope. Dostoevsky is the fourth type, outside all this, for, as Mr. Hardie says, he is interested in 'eternal issues', or as I put it, he is 'of no time at all'. This is all Mannheim's account: Dostoevsky's own is to be found in the conversation between Alyosha and Ivan when they first became acquainted.

Heinemann's may well be the only translation that has not the preface: it is in the one done three years after Dostoevsky's death, into German, and the one in French published the other day. When the Oxford University Press once left out forty-nine pages of *War and Peace*, they said it was because these 'added nothing to the story'. It took them ten years to repent; Heinemann's have now had about forty. When once before I broadcast the news of a lacuna in the Dostoevsky canon—an essay on life in London—the B.B.C. were out with their version in a matter of weeks.

London, W.4 Yours, etc., OWEN HOLLOWAY

[The last of the talks in the series 'The Teller and the Told', by Owen Holloway, will be published in THE LISTENER next week.]

The Way to God through Science

Sir,—I doubt whether Professor Coulson's scientific way to God does what he claims it does. Whatever emotions of awe and beauty are, they are not God. His view of scientific fact may

be valuable in awakening a materialist mind from its atheistic slumber and pointing the way to a *beginning* to know God; but to claim more for it is to pass dangerously close to the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous. To regard the pattern of the vitamin as direct evidence of God is pure animism, or, at best, a vague pantheism. It is the same sort of feeling the pre-Christian Greeks had for the circle, as he points out. If this is the only kind of evidence he adduces to justify believing in God (and how can science give us any other kind of evidence?), what becomes of the Christian revelation? Where is the need for the Church? Or, rather, what is the Church?

I suspect the so-called professing Christians he has counted among his former colleagues are vague pantheists of this same sort. For the positivist, descriptive temper of modern science which began with Newton himself (*Hypotheses non fingo*) is undoubtedly antagonistic to the acquisition of knowledge of revelation, and only tolerates a mild pantheism because it (rightly) regards such a 'religion' as faintly amusing and innocuous in its effect on the professional work of a scientist who thus believes.

What if the law of motion had been $F=ma^3$ instead of $F=ma$; would we still sigh with admiration at the 'fitness' and 'pattern' of it?

Ellesmere Yours, etc., J. C. BARTON

Sir,—Professor Coulson's way to God through science is once more our old friend the Argument from Design most frequently advanced by quite unscientific persons. It might equally well lead to a multiplicity of Gods. There would be nothing illogical in a cosmogony showing the universe to be the result of a Divine Com-

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mittee on the same evidence. It would at least be more democratic.

The Argument from Design is however a two-edged sword, as William James pointed out. 'The Lisbon earthquake', he said, 'showed as much design as anything else. The whole of past history had to be planned as it was to produce that arrangement of debris, masonry, furniture and once living bodies'. I have often admired the wonderful adaptation of a thrush's beak for extracting unwilling worms from a grassy lawn.

The most interesting point in the talk, however, is the information that half the university staffs are practising theists. What of the other half? Since it is reasonable to suppose that their cosmologies and consequent philosophies are confirmed by their scientific activities, can we have their testimonies to measure alongside that of Professor Coulson?

I once knew a man whose meta-physical notions were daily confirmed by his occupation as an engineer concerned with irrigation schemes for horticulturalists. Being a Christian Scientist he was committed to a meta-physic of Pan-Psychism. Amongst the rose beds his meta-physic flourished with the roses, but alas, underwent a radical change after his appointment as an engineer to a sewage farm.—Yours, etc.,
Sutton Coldfield J. W. EAGERS

Philosopher of the Enlightenment

Sir,—As a former citizen of Königsberg pr., the town of Immanuel Kant, I often wondered in the years of the Nazis' rise, how such wonderful ideas as the Rights of Man, of equality before the law, of world citizenship, could have grown on the hard, repressed soil of East Prussia.

A visit to Scotland in 1930 and an enthusiasm developed since for comparison of Scottish and East Prussian family names made me rediscover the hybrid origin of that great citizen of the world—Immanuel Kant.

Th. A. Fischer in the *Scots in Germany*, (Edinburgh 1902) points out (on page 231) that 'the grandfather of the great philosopher Emanuel Kant, was born of Scottish parents. In the draft of an answer to a letter from the Swedish Bishop Lindblom in which the Swedish descent of Kant's father had been stated, the philosopher says: "It is very well known to me, that my grandfather, who was a citizen of the Prusso-Lithuanian town of Tilsit, came originally from Scotland".'

Helping to stem the ridiculous nationalism and spread of the myth of teutonic purity, I published this item together with 200 well-known East Prussian family names of Scottish origin in the *Koenigsberger Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1933. The article resulted in a protest meeting of Nazi students, who disliked particularly the apparent Scottish origin of Feldmarshall v. Mackensen (Mackenzie), and in my early migration from East Prussia and settlement on these happier shores.

Of the 'town of pure reason' little is left today, it has become an almost forgotten ruin called Kaliningrad.—Yours, etc.,
Oxford

HEINZ EDGAR KIEWE

Sir,—Dr. Popper's wonderfully lucid talk must have been deeply appreciated by all who listened to him. But I venture to suggest that in his remarks on 'the reality of physical things', he may have been misleading to many, who would interpret 'reality' here to mean unconditioned reality, or, as Kant called it, the 'thing-in-itself'. This we can never know through the understanding, according to Kant. What we experience can be things only as they appear to us, including our own selves. His whole argument rests on this basis. He certainly did not hold the absurd belief that physical things are mere ideas of the phenomenal self. But we put ourselves and all other things into one spatial

and temporal framework; and this 'empirical realism' is not the ultimate thing for Kant—it rests on a transcendental unity.

It was because Kant believed that we could never have theoretical knowledge—only knowledge by faith—of unconditioned reality, that Hegel described Kant as a 'subjective idealist', stopped talking in a contradictory way of something which did not exist for mind, and developed a more adequate objective idealism.

Yours, etc.,

Lampeter

TERENCE LEWIS

The Author of 'The Golden Bough'

Sir,—Lest petty controversy on peripheral issues should be the last word in this correspondence on Sir James Frazer and his legacy to the future of enlightened mankind, may I close what I have to say with, first, a reminder, and, second, a quotation?

The reminder is the union in heart and mind of husband and wife. To Lady Frazer was largely due the French translation of *The Golden Bough*. She died twelve hours after Frazer. She was of French birth.

The quotation tells us what Frazer thought of the Bible. 'The volume must still be held sacred by all who reverence the high inspiration to which it gives utterance... It strengthens in us the blind conviction, or the trembling hope, that somewhere, beyond these earthly shadows, there is a world of light eternal, where the obstinate questionings of the mind will be answered and the heart find rest'.—Yours, etc.,
Barfreystone

C. J. WRIGHT

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'The Critics'

Sir,—Discussing the current exhibition at Tooth's in the Home Service on February 21, 'The Critics' made certain comments on the subject-matter of two of the paintings. Some considered that of the Sutherland obscure. One or two found their pleasure in the Bacon greatly enhanced by the information in the catalogue that it represented an 'Elephant in Jungle Grass'. The following facts may be of interest to your readers. 'La Petite Afrique', the title of the Sutherland, is the name of a place on the Mediterranean coast of France. The Bacon, the title of which was not the artist's, is intended to represent jungle grass but not an elephant or any other animal.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.7

DAVID SYLVESTER

Round the London Galleries

Sir,—I feel that I must give answer to the question raised in Mr. David Sylvester's article, 'Round the London Galleries' in THE LISTENER of February 18. He asks 'Are we not enough fraught with provincialism?'. By this personal assumption does he then suggest that the work of all painters in the provinces, who paint in an idiom sympathetic to their particular district, are artistic inferiors to painters in and around London? By this strange assumption is, then, the work of a painter like L. S. Lowry, whose painting contains much that is parochial, inferior to that of a painter whose formal means are more obviously universal? Surely Lowry's provincialism has widened the visual experience of many, with his intimate paintings of Pendlebury; and without the element of provincialism would the paintings of Brueghel be so immensely enjoyable?

Without this intimate association between the painter and his subject we get the dull clinical paintings which hang in some London galleries today.—Yours, etc.,

RONALD A. LOWE

President, the Students' Union
Leeds College of Art

Sir,—As one who has been intimately concerned over a number of years with the growth of an interest in the art of painting in Wales, I read with distaste your critic's 'peevish reflection' on 'thirty amateurish efforts lately produced in Wales'. In the first place, it should not be necessary to point out, even in London, that Wales is not one of the provinces, but a country with its own traditions and language. That tradition has previously found its principal expression in poetry and in song, but there has lately been seen a great deal of activity in the visual arts, partly due to the coming to Wales of painters from England and Europe, and partly to a new and healthy awareness in the young Welsh painter of the artistic possibilities of his environment. Though this may seem amateurish to the sophisticated London critic, that it exists at all is surely cause for congratulation rather than peevish reflection. The selectors of this exhibition, of whom I had the privilege to be one, even dared to hope that the freshness and sincerity of these 'amateurish efforts' might contrast not unfavourably with some of the empty clichés which are too common in the London galleries of today and tire even the visitor from the 'provinces'.—Yours, etc.,
Swansea

DAVID BELL

'The Record Year 2'

Sir,—I do not think Mr. Hilary Dunn will get very far with his enthusiastic championing of long-playing records by telling those who prefer to stay with 'short players' to rid themselves of their prejudices! There are very good reasons for not changing over to 'long players', and these have been adequately stated by Mr. Hum in THE LISTENER of February 11.

I should, however, like to remind Mr. Dunn of one point in the earlier letter which he avoids, and that is the absence of freedom of choice with which the record buyer is now faced. Because most major works are recorded on LP only, the enthusiast is compelled to change over to LP equipment if he wants to hear them. He is not, so far as I know, even given the option of having '78' versions made available 'on special order'. If, as the result, a consumer-resistance should arise, some of the mushroom recording companies to which Mr. Dunn refers will possibly go the way of all mushrooms!—Yours, etc.,
Cambridge

GEOFFREY A. C. WATTS

'Strange Company'

Sir,—I have recently received a copy of THE LISTENER for December 17 last in which a review of my book *Strange Company* is printed, and I would like to comment on a personal remark therein: 'It is obvious that he was not very efficient as a private soldier; but the author never tells us the reasons why he seems to have been regarded by the authorities as a person of some importance'.

In view of the fact that I had made a point of explaining this special position in the very first sentences of the Introduction and in several passages of the narrative from a desire to be quite honest with the reader as well as fair to the French authorities, I read this remark with some surprise and annoyance. Your reviewer is, of course, entitled to consider that I am a bad writer or that writers in general should not be regarded as people of any importance—unless they are officials.

But there are surely no grounds for implying that I have been furtive about my experience. I told the French authorities all about my literary background at the outset—they expected that I would write—their subordinates were sometimes, perhaps wrongly, reminded of this eventuality, and, indeed, their expectations were amply fulfilled in numerous articles—Yours, etc.,
Kitimat, B.C. ADRIAN LIDDELL HART

Art

Some More London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

WINIFRED NICHOLSON'S paintings at the Leicester Galleries, unpretentious, spontaneous, instinctively tasteful, are the embodiment of those qualities which place women painters beyond the problems of development. Her pictures show her pleasures: a passive enjoyment of the scene, an active enjoyment of the paint. Sometimes she asks too little of the subject, and then too much is asked of the paint, the colours she chooses, the way she puts it on. But the best pictures, Nos. 7, 14, 20, for example, where everything has gone with a swing, are themselves as beautiful as the flowers she loves.

Henry Moore's main work, in the Hogarth room of the same gallery, is the large group 'King and Queen', commissioned by the city of Antwerp. It is mannerist, if that term may be used to describe the style of a work in which different forms have widely different origins. The arms and hands and feet of these two figures are naturalistic; the heads like archaic masks; the bodies are characteristically smoothed and hollowed by a sort of weathered streamlining. This is enough to indicate a complexity, a restlessness, that is exciting to encounter in an artist whose reputation presses at his heels. Moore's works have been presented to us as archetypal, timeless; but, for the present writer at least, they have been no *victories* over time, for they have achieved what they have by stepping outside the human, mortal arena. His figures have been the figures not of transcendent man but of pitiful man, untriumphant, born before Prometheus. They have been the victims of outside forces, not fate it must be understood, but of mechanical forces, wind and frost, scouring and grinding.

Now, in these new works, it is as though the figures stirred. There is a hint of an internal, mortal life, an alertness which fines down the forms and in places gives their surface a human sensitivity. This hint of life makes much appear retrogressive, makes the curvaceous generalisations more suffocating. Look at the arms of the Queen, their finely drawn contours, soft yet bony, their tense straightness, the living weight implied by the depth of the forearm as it runs into the upper arm; and contrast this formal vitality with the banality of the lower part of the body where the form turns in a great passive curve, unresponsive to any force internal or external. Again, contrast the alert forms of pinched, beaked heads, their progressive turn away from the frontal, with the arid expanses of the chests and shoulders, where no scratching of the surface serves to enliven a form whose contours are as boring as they are smooth. Moore's refusal to bring his sense of art to bear on to the particular is again revealed in some sketches of a baby, which form part of an anthology of drawings prepared by David Sylvester, at the I.C.A. Studies though they are, Moore does not search, he finds (to use Picasso's phrase), and what he finds are the rounded, inert forms of his own pebbles and no intimations of the palpitating, new-born individual. He has made the baby timeless, not by transcending time but by sidestepping it. Birth, like spring, goes on and on, but that does not make it the same as spring. Babies become men, not trees.

Most of the drawings at the I.C.A. are, unlike Moore's, to be looked at as whole works. Whether they came about as trial runs for paintings

or not, Graham Sutherland's dramatic 'Two men walking', Paolozzi's 'Heads', Diana Cumming's nude, 'Miss Greek', Froy's flooded landscape, Pasmore's and Adams' non-figurative compositions, and Coldstream's townscapes are pictures with a life and importance of their own.

At Roland, Browse and Delbanco the Polish artist Ruszkowski is having a one-man show. He has an oppressive and inflexible style which treats all things alike. The spirit of the influence of Bonnard which was at one time more apparent in his work is now submerged, but the *art nouveau* flavour of Bonnard's drawing remains. Light falls heavily in these pictures; on nudes, kitchen stoves, landscapes, throwing deep shadows and breaking surfaces into a limited number of shapes. It is, so to speak, a light of the imagination. It establishes no visual harmony, does not operate in space but rather tokens an attitude. What this attitude implies, it is impossible to say. With the exception of No. 1, 'Anna in the swimming pool', and No. 14, 'Entrance to the harbour', the pictures might be of anything. Not that they are unrecognisable, but that the subjectivity of their treatment is such that there seem to be no decisions involved. The same is true of Roy Turner Durrant who is showing in the same gallery, though his light-weight picture-making contrasts in every way with Mr. Ruszkowski's strong feelings.

At the Parson's Gallery six young artists are showing for the first time in a private gallery. They include Patrick Symons, whose interesting painting has been shown with the London Group.

Sculpture and drawing make up the astonishing exhibition at the Beaux Arts. Raymond Mason's reliefs suggest unlimited possibilities. At one end of this young artist's capacity lies the sharp, hard understanding of architecture, of the values of surfaces and their relationships in space, facing each other across a recession or on parallel levels in relief; at the other end is the quick imagination that visualises an incident, that tells with an illustrator's fluency of something seen or read as one might use words and gestures to describe the excitement of a film. Mason's drawings are journalistic and sometimes rhetorical,

yet *within* there is an absolute truth of feeling. Notice the drawings for 'Manon', the incident of the murder. This is illustration of the highest order. On the other hand, the grandeur of the by now famous Barcelona tram relief appears to have nothing to do with the figures but with the relationship of the vehicle to the road and to the building behind. Whether this grandeur will find its way into the figures is the question on which Mason's future turns.

Triumphant in their power and energy, their warmth and richness, famous lithographs by Picasso turn up at the Hanover Gallery. Their authenticity is overwhelming. Picasso's inspiration and his culture are inseparable. This is style. His hand creates endlessly; the lightest image, the least serious play with lines leaves on the mind a shadow of its importance, its solemnity. Every distortion is exact and creative: by some alchemy a whole and innocent figure is offered up to the onlooker. Picasso is always dealing with real things, that is, his intuitions of the figure are certain and his hand goes out to draw them as if it were touching them. His intuitions are our common property. He is a great artist (one says nothing new), a universal artist.



Pencil drawing by Graham Sutherland, at the I.C.A. exhibition of Recent British Drawings

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Letters of Sara Hutchinson 1800-1835. Edited by Kathleen Coburn. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

THIS COLLECTION OF LETTERS, cleverly edited by Kathleen Coburn, the Coleridge authority, is a thoroughly enjoyable as well as a valuable book. Sara Hutchinson, Coleridge's Asra, Mary Wordsworth's sister, friend of Southey and Lamb, has been before this a character known only by glimpses. Now we see her in the round as she was known to her family circle and friends. Her innermost self she keeps to herself with a characteristic North Country reserve. There are no letters from her to Coleridge: we see her acting as his assistant and amanuensis in the effort to produce *The Friend*. We can guess—but she betrays nothing—her reasons for leaving Grasmere for Wales when *The Friend* broke down. She knew that she could do no more for him, and that she must make a clean break. We gather with satisfaction that she never lost her friendly interest in him, that she met him in later years, and visited him thrice in his last illness.

She plays a key part in the family circle, as devoted sister and companion not only to Mary Wordsworth but to William and Dorothy and to her own brothers, a friend always to the rescue in illness or trouble. She had a salty common sense, and she enjoyed life with a most infectious zest. Tiresome neighbours only amused her: the temperamental Mr. Barber who raved at the Drought, and pulled up all his cabbage and strawberry plants in revenge, muttering 'they shall not grow again, others may'; and Mrs. Luff who amused herself with making a Grotto, 'outside like a Hoghouse, but within a palace for the Sea-Nymphs, all over coral and shells'. At Grasmere Quince (De Quincey) and Quill (Edward Quillinan) pass in and out of the scene touched into life by her caustic pen, and on her visits away we encounter Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson with his domestic habits of clockwork punctuality and other amiable 'oddities'; and Southey, 'as lively as a lark, always busy and yet always at leisure'. There is a detailed description in one letter from Rugby of how Dr. Arnold ran his school; in another a sharp hit at Yorkshire schools, which takes us straight to Dickens and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

The Hutchinsons were a farming family, and we hear much of agrarian distresses, 'bad prices, bad crops, and bad seasons'. One brother farmed in County Durham, another migrated to Herefordshire, and the letters touch in the local background. We learn how a middle-class family lived in remote country places in the first half of the nineteenth century: how they travelled, as often on horseback as by coach, in the customary interchange of long visits (Wordsworth rode his daughter's pony from Grasmere to Cambridge in 1830); how they got their clothing (Mr. Monkhouse's London Hatter was requisitioned); how their parcels were sent and brought—by coach, by canal, or by obliging friends.

But the heart of the book is Sara herself. She never courted praise or asked for success, but she has both now.

The Doors of Perception. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

'How can a man at the extreme limits of ectomorphology and cerebrotonia ever put himself in the place of one at the limits of endomorphology and viscerotonia or, except within certain circumscribed areas, share the feelings of one who stands at the limits of mesomorphology and somato-

tonia?' How, indeed! The problem Mr. Huxley tried to solve, in the experiment to which this essay is devoted, while akin to this one, was both more exalted and more easily expressed. It was to reach a plane of feeling on which he would be able to 'know, from the inside, what the visionary, the medium, even the mystic were talking about'. This experience, he feels, was granted to him when he consented to become a 'guinea-pig' in the experimental research into the effects of a drug called mescaline.

Mescaline is an extract of cactus, known for centuries to the natives of Mexico, and revered as the giver of a state of blessedness to those who use it. Unlike most drugs it is not habit-forming, has no harmful after-effects, and no demoralising influence even on the regular consumer—unless he happens to be a hypochondriac or an ex-sufferer from jaundice. Though known to scientists for seventy years, mescaline has never been fully considered as a medicine or stimulant. Mr. Huxley's experience, after taking the prescribed dose, was not visionary in the phantasmal sense, but rather a mystic intensification of daily vision. A rose, carnation, and iris in a vase took on a vibrant, mesmeric significance. Even more ordinary objects grew magical. 'The legs, for example, of that chair—how miraculous their tubularity, how supernatural their polished smoothness! I spent several minutes—or was it several centuries?—not merely gazing at those bamboo legs, but actually *being them* . . . to be more accurate, being my Not-self in the Not-self which was the chair'.

Auditive charms were less compelling. Mozart bored, Berg was ridiculous, Gesualdo interesting but hardly more. Other experiences during the spell included a trip to a Hollywood drug-store, where the author became magnetised by the art books. There follow some shrewd and memorable comments on Vermeer and Cézanne, on the problem of visual choice for the painter, and on the endless mystery and resources of the use of drapery in painting and sculpture, before the return home and to that 'unsatisfactory state known as "being in one's right mind"'. The author's conclusions are that mescaline, with its effects of quiet ecstasy, release, and self-transcendence, should be put to general use as an alternative to the lung-cancer and the alcoholism which are all too often attendant on the consumption of tobacco and drink. Readers will have their doubts and queries. The effect of mescaline is to intensify and confirm the taker's convictions and way of thinking. Where these are less worthy than Mr. Huxley's, what might be the results? Again, though it may have been harmless to generations of Mexican Indians, did the American Indians ever find tobacco harmful? And lastly, Self-Transcendence. This may or may not be temporarily attained. One can only say that the present work is in every way thoroughly characteristic of its eminent author.

Aggression and Its Interpretation

By Lydia Jackson. Methuen. 21s.

The emphasis on sex was followed in Freudian theory by an emphasis on the impulse to destroy. So irreducible and ultimate did this impulse appear that the cosmic principle of Thanatos, the Death Wish, was invoked to account for it. Dr. Jackson thinks otherwise, and puts forward a more acceptable alternative. Aggression, in her view, is not always destructive in intention. A certain forcefulness and vigour in attaining our ends is necessary for our very preservation; we must be able to manipulate, to bend things to our will, if we are to survive at all. Destructive,

hostile, or 'negative' aggression is constructive or 'positive' aggression gone wrong. It goes wrong when the child is brought up either by a mother too anxious to allow its immature efforts at self-expression free play, or by one who is so remote and rejecting that the security needed for self-expression is not provided. In either case the child is frustrated, and views with hostility a hostile and frightening world. In the first case it may develop a neurosis, in the second a tendency to delinquency.

The evidence for all this is derived from Dr. Jackson's clinical experience, and from the use of projection tests specially constructed for her purpose. Ambiguous pictures of family life, of a little boy sitting in a room by himself, of a man with a whip and so forth were shown to groups of normal, neurotic, and delinquent children, who were asked to weave a story round each picture in turn. Broadly speaking the normal children did not make much use of the themes of violence, hatred, and wickedness; the others did. The neurotics differed in certain ways from the delinquents both in their stories and in their conduct when undergoing treatment. The neurotics seemed to preserve some emotional contact with their mothers, hostile and anxious though it was; the delinquents were more detached and shrank from any close human contact altogether. In course of treatment, however, the neurotics gradually became less hostile in their behaviour and more constructive in their play. So, to a certain extent did the delinquents, but their detached attitude made any satisfactory relationship with the therapist much more difficult to achieve. In so far as construction takes the place of destruction Dr. Jackson maintains that the 'same' energy or 'drive' is being re-directed into its proper channels.

The treatment of children in child guidance clinics is becoming almost a routine service, and Dr. Jackson's book will be of great practical value to the practitioner. She has also made a contribution of considerable interest to the general problem of the nature of aggression, and also towards answering that puzzling question: why do some ill-brought-up children become neurotic while others take to crime?

The Letters of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Compiled by L. M. Baker. Bodley Head. 30s.

Elizabeth, daughter of James I, wife of the Elector Palatine who became King of Bohemia, and the link between the Stuarts and the present royal house, would have been cast as a tragic heroine however slight her qualifications for the part. When her husband lost both his realms in the first phase of the Thirty Years War, English intervention for the recovery of the Palatinate became the principal demand of the advocates of a 'Protestant' foreign policy in opposition to the Spanish alliance, and they could hardly fail to dwell on the sufferings of their exiled 'Queen of Hearts'. Elizabeth shone neither as tragedian nor as politician; but she was in many ways the most attractive character in her unfortunate family. She showed endless resolve in fighting and intriguing for her cause; she inspired genuine devotion in some of her supporters; and she would stand no nonsense from anyone. Even in her most homeless moments she kept up her outward assertion of royalty, and never made herself as contemptible in her dealings with friends and enemies as her brother Charles sometimes did. She was also a prolific and entertaining letter-writer. Her correspondence can claim no great elegance or wit;

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but it is forthright, vivacious, and revealing. She would write to anyone who might serve her purpose. Laud replaced Buckingham on her list as soon as his rise to political power was apparent. 'Honest Harry Vane', 'Good Sir Simon Dewes', and the Earl of Carlisle, 'thou ugly filthy camel's-face', were among her other correspondents. In 1643 she wrote to Speaker Lenthall regretting the offence she had given to Parliament by writing to the King, and asking them to continue the pension Charles had formerly sent her.

Many of her letters have of course been lost, and many others are already in print in various places; but a well-produced edition would be very welcome. Unfortunately the present volume is quite unsatisfactory. It is nowhere indicated that the collection is incomplete; yet it proves to have some surprising omissions. All Elizabeth's letters to her disagreeable son Charles Louis, which have been published before, are reproduced: there are more than seventy of them in the three years from 1659 to 1661. For a similar period from 1633 to 1635, when the Palatinate was still a factor in British foreign policy, there are only three. The important letters of these and other years in the Domestic State Papers are ignored, except that a short extract from one of them is printed as if it were the whole. A minor annoyance that arises through the use of copies by earlier editors is the inconsistency in the method of reproduction, which ranges from complete modernisation to such horrors as 'ye ffr: Ki:' and an absurd confusion of *u*, *v*, and *w*. The main complaint, however, is that the reader, even if he knows the outlines of the story, does not get enough help to enable him to follow the full sense of the letters.

Miss Wedgwood's introduction, though attractively written as always, is too short to do more than awaken our interest. Apart from this a few sentences of text-book history are inserted here and there, the recipients of letters are briefly identified, and a table shows Elizabeth's descent from King Egbert. There is no index. The book does not need a ponderous cargo of learned footnotes; but we ought to be told something about the persons and topics discussed. In many cases the other side of the correspondence has been preserved and could well be summarised. In others a line or two of elucidation would make all the difference between the boredom that comes from half understanding and the double pleasure of reading history at first hand and of prying into the letters of an acquaintance.

A Field Guide to the Birds of Great Britain and Europe. By Roger Peterson, Guy Mountfort, and P. A. D. Hollom. Collins. 25s.

It is seldom that one finds a book which achieves all it sets out to do. Here is one. This small volume—small because one of its objects is to be easily portable—contains a wealth of information in an admirably arranged and highly condensed form. It is primarily concerned with the identification of the birds of Europe, including, of course, the British Isles. It claims no foolproof methods or short cuts to recognition, but picks out the dominant features by which the various species may be identified. Moreover the illustrations are so arranged that species which might be confused are depicted on the same page and in the same position, so that points of difference may be fully emphasised. Maps show the range of the various species in summer and winter, unless they are classed as 'residents' or 'partial immigrants' when an indication of changing distribution is unnecessary. The text is a selection of essential facts. As Julian Huxley puts it in his preface—'it conveys the maximum of necessary information in the minimum of space'. Included in the

information are the common names of all species in five European languages.

The book is the work of three well-known ornithologists. Roger Peterson, whose achievements as an artist are already well known—especially in his own country, the United States—has produced the illustrations. These are essentially functional and therefore very accurate and strictly to scale and they show by the Peterson method of 'pointer-lines' the distinctive field characteristics. Those distinguishing closely related species are especially emphasised. The text is carefully designed to amplify the recognition features shown pictorially. Some 1,200 pictures, more than two-thirds in colour, illustrate about 450 species in various plumages. Peterson is a brilliant artist who catches the characteristic shape, poise, gait, and flying attitude or swimming position when these are significant. His swimming Phalarope, running Sanderling or any of his flight silhouettes are masterpieces of accurate characterisation. Only here and there can his work be criticised. The colouring of the drake Gadwall is misleading and the comparative sizes of the eider and king eider in the coloured illustrations and of the Smew as compared with Red-breasted Merganser or Goosander in flight are less important errors since the other characteristics are excellently portrayed. It speaks volumes for the illustrator that these are the only faults that can be detected after a careful critical survey of the 1,200 pictures.

P. A. D. Hollom's maps are the first of their kind and a contribution to ornithology which is much overdue. These may well contain certain minor inaccuracies, but, as their author admits, it is only by publishing his findings that he can be informed as to where he is wrong.

Guy Mountfort, whose many years of serious bird-watching in Europe make him specially qualified to produce the text, completes a team whose conscientious and carefully planned work has resulted in this notable addition to ornithological literature.

The Devils. By Fyodor Dostoyevsky. Translated by David Magarshack. Penguin. 5s.

Constance Garnett's translations from the Russian, which appeared roughly 30 to 40 years ago, were acclaimed at the time in tones more appropriate to a revivalist meeting than to a discussion of literature. Now that the excitement has died away we can see that her versions, though workmanlike and conscientious, were rather flat and altogether too full of various unreal and slightly embarrassing locutions, such as 'Good Gracious, Pyotr Ivanovich, whatever next!'

The need for new translations from the Russian classics has been recognised by various publishers recently, and this version of *The Devils* is the most welcome of all such contributions. This is the novel which English readers know under the title *The Possessed*. The choice of a new (and more accurate) title is in keeping with the quality of the translation, which is direct and lively, and at the same time generally more reliable in points of detail than Constance Garnett.

Mr. Magarshack deserves particular praise for boldly discarding the cumbersome Russian name system, giving us (for example) 'Stavrogin' throughout, even where the Russian text has 'Nikolay Vsevolodovich'. This is a public service, and has made it much easier for English people to read the novel, however much it may be deplored by the minority who would prefer to wallow in 'Russianness'. It is much to be hoped that producers of Russian plays in English will take the hint and that they in turn will rid us of these ponderous patronymics, which are the more egregious in that Russians themselves almost swallow them in speech; 'Ivan Ivano-

vich' becoming practically a single syllable, something like 'Vanch'.

With surprising diffidence the publishers describe *The Devils* as Dostoyevsky's third best-known masterpiece, next to *Crime and Punishment* and *The Idiot*. This is perhaps a true assessment, although the omission of *The Brothers Karamazov* is curious. However, *The Devils*, assisted by this new translation, may now rise to the top position (which it deserves). Nowadays we no longer feel impelled to pay tribute to Dostoyevsky as a Great Thinker (that depressing concept) and feel free to read him as a novelist. And it is pre-eminently as a novelist that he emerges in *The Devils*, which is less involved with metaphysical 'higher nonsense' than his other great novels.

The main philosophical concern of the novel is in the sphere of politics, where it has much to say of the greatest interest. It does presume a greater knowledge of Russian conditions than is possessed by the average educated Englishman, but Mr. Magarshack's informative introduction will do something to fill this gap.

Since many people still feel that they must don metaphorical sackcloth and ashes before opening a book by Dostoyevsky, it is necessary to stress that this novel is particularly notable for its humour. Dostoyevsky's humour is a curious and exotic mixture, not unmixed with lunacy, but it is worth taking a little trouble to teach oneself to catch its unique flavour. To mention only two features, the lampoon of Turgenev in the character of Karmazinov is a piece of inspired comic vindictiveness and—above all—the chapter called 'The Fête' is one of the finest pieces of sustained humorous writing in any language.

Two Essays on Analytical Psychology By C. G. Jung. Routledge. 25s.

Despite its title, this book contains more than two essays on analytical psychology; and despite its being volume seven of 'The Collected Works of C. G. Jung', it is the second in order of appearance, the editors having decided that 'new works of which translations are lacking' should be published soonest. The two principal essays here, *The Psychology of the Unconscious* and *The Relations between the Ego and the Unconscious*, have both been printed in English, but in early forms. The present translations, skilfully done by Mr. R. F. C. Hull, are from the 1943 edition of *Über die Psychologie des Unbewussten* and the 1945 edition of *Die Beziehungen zwischen dem Ich und dem Unbewussten*. The book also contains Mr. Hull's translation of a short essay written by Jung in 1912, *Neue Bahnen der Psychologie*, and a translation by Mr. Philip Mairet of another entitled *La Structure de l'Inconscient*, which appeared in a French journal in 1916. The shorter pieces repeat in a more popular style the main themes of the longer essays. There is a good index, and the book is well produced according to the American taste.

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious* Jung clarifies his disagreement with Freud and Adler. He agrees with Freud that dream analysis is the *via regia* to the Unconscious, but he interprets dreams differently. Where Freud finds inversion and displacement in dreams, Jung holds that 'the dream is what it pretends to be, neither more nor less'. Against Freud's belief that all neuroses originate in sexuality, and Adler's belief that all neuroses originate in the will to power, Jung argues that some cases originate in the one, and some in the other, and many in neither. His distinctive discovery (or invention) is the Collective Unconscious. While he agrees that psychological health is a matter of harmony between the Conscious and the Unconscious within an individual, Jung maintains that a

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man's Unconscious is not entirely his own, but also contains impersonal, collective components in the form of inherited 'categories' or 'archetypes'. These 'archetypes' embody the primordial images which have dwelt in the minds of men since the beginnings of history.

For this reason psychological questions for Jung are not only questions about the inner life of the individual, but are also about what might be called the 'inner life of mankind'. Jung has looked to anthropology and the history of cultures, to folklore and myth, to literature and *Ideengeschichte* for much of his material. But unlike Freud, who, having learned from art repaid his debt by interpreting art psychologically, Jung has been content to remain pupil, regarding the Freudian attitude to art as philistine. Jung himself is anything but a philistine, he is a continental *homme de culture* who has made his mind an almost too hospitable 'channel for all thoughts'.

In his essay on 'The Relations between the Ego and the Unconscious', Jung replies to the charge of 'mysticism' which his teaching has inevitably evoked. He insists that he is propounding 'empirical facts', and that his work is scientific before it is therapeutic. He writes: 'Nobody can really understand these things unless he has experienced them himself. I am therefore much more interested in pointing out ways to such experience than in devising intellectual formulae which, for lack of experience, must necessarily remain an empty web of words'. The mystic could, of course, reply that his philosophy is based on experience, too, but the mystic will probably wish to assimilate Jung and not to confound him. For whatever Jung's attitude to mysticism, the mystic must surely find Jung's thought congenial, if only because of his views on religion. Whereas Freud, with that Voltairean simplicity of mind which underlies his Voltairean clarity of style, dismisses religion out of hand as an illusion, Jung believes that the idea of God is necessary to men, unconsciously if not consciously, because God is an archetype: 'The irrational cannot and must not be extirpated. The gods cannot and must not die'.

Jung is also interested in that perennial problem of metaphysical philosophy: the meaning of life. He is not merely concerned, as a therapist, with removing obstacles to happiness and usefulness; he sees himself 'confronted with the task of finding a meaning that will enable a man to continue living at all—a meaning more than blank resignation and mournful retrospect'. Jung has thus chosen to be judged by a nobler standard than either Freud or Adler. Whether he has succeeded is a question that cannot be answered on the basis of the present book, which does little more than adumbrate his theory.

Bartók. By Serge Moreux.

Harvill Press. 21s.

This is the second book on Bartók to appear within a few months; the best that can be said of it is that, however inferior to Dr. Halsey Stevens' work, it supplements it biographically. Moreux has made use of an important article on the composer's early years and earliest compositions, published too late for Stevens, and he prints at length a few letters abbreviated, summarised or altogether omitted by Stevens, notably a long and important statement of Bartók's anti-religious views in 1907. But where it is possible to compare Moreux' versions of letters, as presented here at second hand through the French, with Stevens' first-hand versions, the reader without access to the originals—or whose Hungarian is a trifle rusty—will find enough discrepancies to warn him that one or the other must be not altogether trustworthy. Consider

this passage on the Budapest set-up of 1919, (a) as in Moreux, (b) as in Stevens:

- (a) Dohnányi, myself and Zoltán form, as counsellors assisting Reinitz, the political commissar for music, a musical directorate—though we are assisting not on a political basis but purely as experts in music.
(b) Dohnányi, Zoltán Reinitz, and I together are charged with the political music, and as advisers we form a music-directorium (of course as a music section, not a political).

Is or was poor Mr. Zoltán Reinitz two gentlemen at once or one gentleman bisected?

When we turn from the biographical to the critical element in Moreux' book, we reach no firmer ground. If Dr. Stevens' criticism was solid but rather pedestrian, Mr. Moreux excels in that species of elegant French music criticism which translates badly at best and in the hands of translators who do not clearly understand the technical terms they are dealing with becomes little better than gibberish. But inadequate translation cannot be pleaded in defence of the author's blindness to the most obvious features of the fifth String Quartet or the Violin Concerto, his statement that all the themes of the 'Dance Suite' 'share the deep life of the Magyar race' (Bartók himself pointed out that two are Arabic and one Rumanian), or this wonderful piece of pseudo-learned nonsense on Bartók's rhythmic patterns:

Traces of the mediaeval 'perfecta' and 'imperfecta' were imported into Bartók's native regions by the European troubadours and the Byzantine singers, and such elements had ancient Greece as their common source. . . .

Neither Edwin von der Nüll's book on Bartók's piano music nor Mátyás Seiber's study of the quartets is included in the bibliography. The two articles by Bartók himself, given as an appendix, have appeared twice in English already, although the fact is not stated; one is omitted from the list of Bartók's articles in the bibliography, the other is included under a title which disguises the source apparently drawn on here.

The Uprooted

By Oscar Handlin. Watts. 15s.

This book deals with immigration into the United States 'from the perspective of the individual received rather than of the receiving society'. Mr. Handlin is an able historian, and he is an expert on the large and important topic of the immigrant. It cannot be said, however, that he has been altogether successful in the present volume (though it has already been very well received in America). Two general criticisms may be offered. The first concerns the author's method. In attempting to transcend the limitations of the historical monograph, with its timid qualifications and its impedimenta of scholarship, he has gone to the other extreme of generalisation. Endeavouring to convey the permanent essences of immigrant experience, he has simplified his theoretical 'immigrant' beyond recognition, narrating the victim's adventures in a somewhat portentous prose-style whose idiom occasionally recalls that of 'Hiawatha'. The immigrant, whatever country he comes from, is for Mr. Handlin either a 'peasant' or a 'dis-senter'—categories too vague to be satisfactory. Once he has got his immigrant to America, the author has a surer touch; but even here—so wide are his terms of reference—one feels that his generalisations tend to be either true but not new, or else new but probably not true (as when he theorises about immigrant attitudes to religion).

The second criticism is that Mr. Handlin is too gloomy. The history of immigration as viewed in this book is 'a history of alienation and its consequences'. The immigrant is *uprooted*; his story is of bewilderment; he will eventually belong not to Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*, but to *The Lonely Crowd* of whom

David Riesman has lately written. 'Pushed violently out from the nest' of his homeland, he waits miserably for a passage to the New World, suffers abominably on the voyage thither, descends into the hell of the slums of New York or Chicago (or into the rural hell of farm-life) and achieves no spiritual recovery. Instead, he is deprived of ties, of authority, even of sexual capacity. Was his journey, then, really necessary? The implication would seem to be that, if so, it was nevertheless an unfortunate journey. It is a question here of emphasis. Nobody will deny that some immigrants were overborne by the problems Mr. Handlin outlines, or that all immigrants have had some acquaintance with them. But surely not *all* of the immigrants, *all* of the time? In fairness to him, it must be said that he has tackled an extraordinarily difficult theme, and that various asides in his book show that he is well aware of the theme's complexities. But perhaps he surrenders too readily to a kind of sophisticated pessimism characteristic of a good deal of present-day American writing. It differs from the raucous pessimism of the 1920s, which was in many ways a joyfully iconoclastic affair. The modern pessimism, far from deriding authority, would like to restore it. In Mr. Handlin's image, it would like to put the bird back in the nest. This spirit pervades his book. If his account is a corrective to the picture evoked by Emma Lazarus, in her Statue of Liberty poem, then her lines are also a corrective to Mr. Handlin.

Thomas Hardy: A Critical Biography

By Evelyn Hardy.

Hogarth Press. 25s.

The combination of criticism and biography is nowadays frowned on by the austere; but it probably remains the most generally useful kind of literary study. Miss Evelyn Hardy, it appears, is a namesake and not a relation; she is not concerned with family portraiture; she has written a well-informed survey of Hardy's life and work. She has a loving knowledge of Hardy's countryside, she handles his personal life with tact and discretion, and the portrait that emerges is credible, sympathetic, and related to its background. As in all the writing about Hardy's life, it is difficult to avoid the feeling that there is more to be said; but whether there really is, whether anybody knows it if so, whether anyone is in a position to tell us more, must all remain obscure. One feels that Hardy's simplicity of character is deceptive; but it is strong enough to elude probing and explanation.

Miss Hardy's principal contribution is in relating the works, especially the novels, to the circumstances of Hardy's life—not merely by way of tracing the originals of characters and scenes, but by showing the emotional genesis of many of his leading and recurrent situations. In the nature of things such attributions cannot all be demonstrable, but the picture of Hardy's mind and attitude that results is a plausible and consistent one. Miss Hardy attributes the increasing gloom of the middle years to the growth of pathological delusions, ultimately almost insanity, in the mind of his first wife; and for this she produces some evidence. But although it is fully documented, her book is less remarkable as a piece of research than as a fresh and affectionate portrait.

On the critical side it is less ambitious. It gives a useful exposition and description of the novels and poems, and for the most part does not attempt much more. Where it does, the criticism is neither distinguished nor new. But novelty and subtlety of interpretation was probably not intended. For the general reader this seems likely to be the best comprehensive treatment of Hardy's life and work for some time to come.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Well-conducted Interview

AFTER SEEING the American telerecordings of the interviews with Mrs. Roosevelt and the captain of the *Queen Mary*, I was left wondering what the B.B.C. Television Service is going to do about it. By comparison, our television interviews are pallid and ineffectual. Leslie Mitchell's staccato style is made to seem as communicative as a boy rattling a stick along railings, Richard Dimbleby becomes *manqué*, and the interviewing reporters of Television Newsreel fall back among the nervous apprentices.

Yet there is no more impressive form of communicating ideas, opinions, and personal impressions than the well-conducted interview. It has been driven out of print largely by the new race of technician-editors created by the paper shortage. They think it smarter to cultivate the 'profile', which in its turn will become as *démodé* as Lytton Strachey.

Television has an opportunity of reviving the interview in the grand manner. The two American telerecordings admirably demonstrated the possibilities. Ed Murrow makes a good picture and has a wholesome voice, but the success of his interviews is also to be looked for in the camera power brought to bear on them. At present B.B.C. television probably lacks the resources for a single concentrated operation of that strength. Of the spectacular interest of both the interviews we were shown there can be no doubt. It may be mentioned harmlessly, and perhaps in fairness, that what we were seeing was sponsored television, edited to suit the British way of life.

Although the B.B.C.'s new 'roving-eye' television camera, making its *début* on a recent wet night in Piccadilly, was described to us in the

accents of significance, it is unlikely to add much to our present viewing pleasures. An immediate need is to camouflage the thing as it goes about what may yet be proved its unlawful occasions. The sight of gaping pavement groups waving deliriously to Mum can be bad for one's view-

ing appetite. The trip ended in Leicester Square, and it is no good pretending that one was not visited by fears for the 'roving-eye's' power of discrimination. It may play a part in the amusement of the viewing community. It may also add to life's confusions. I thought that Peter Dimmock's commentary was nicely pitched between enthusiasm and a sense of duty.

So we come to the most elaborate documentary that television has put before us for some time, the programme about discharged prisoners, called 'Return to Living'. At once I must say that I am repelled by its basic premise, that bad human nature is more interesting and more worth considering than good human nature. I should have been immensely gratified if its writer and producer, Caryl Doncaster, had devised a programme of the same high competence dealing with the lives and outlook of the victims of criminals. I am aware of the likely social and psychological implications of this attitude. In stating it I provide myself with an opportunity of arraighing the sentiment by which society encourages the redemption of the crook while showing so small a concern for those whom he has ravaged and perhaps ruined. There are numbers of permanently saddened people who have suffered physical and mental damage for which there is little

comfort and no compensation, while their attackers are fussed over with a solicitude suggesting that we all ought to regard them as lapsed heroes.

It is fair to say that Miss Caryl Doncaster did not confirm that impression, though neither



Scene from 'Return to Living' on February 16—a documentary programme on the resettlement into everyday life of released prisoners

did she dispel it. Her portrayal of the ex-convict's rueful situation, I can believe, was as factual and faithful as she could make it. I admired the uncompromising directness with which she put her subject on our screens and let it unfold without benefit of explanation or comment and without noticeably bidding for our sympathies. In treatment and preparation 'Return to Living' must be counted one of the most effective documentaries that we have had on television.

A question remains and it is this: would the subject have been better served by scaling it down to the compass of Jeanne Heal's 'Case Book' programmes? My answer is yes. It would have been more interesting to see released prisoners telling their stories than actors playing their parts, however well. I must be honest and say that some time before 'Return to Living' had run its course I grew tired of the theme. I have an Englishman's constitutional aversion from lawlessness. It can hardly be the gipsy in me.

The tribute to Richard Massingham, the



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'Hey Presto—A Jubilee' on February 15, a programme showing the British Magical Society in their new club room in Birmingham: left, Barrie Edgar, the producer; right, Goodlife and the vanishing pips



Two shots from 'the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford' on February 19—the High Altar, and the St. Cecilia window in St. George's Chapel



'The Church and Fleet Street' on February 21—the floodlit ruins of St. Bride's, and an architect's drawing for the interior of the new St. Bride's

Photographs: John Cura

doctor who gained prominence as a director of documentary and advertising films, was a decent, sincere programme which did not finally overcome one's sense of being at a private memorial service. Massingham's prominence was exclusive to his own domain, where obviously he was admired as well as liked. Nicolas Bentley, whose job it was to explain, succeeded in conveying a sense of loss in terms of personality rather than of achievement.

'Panorama' improves: last week's edition was the best yet. 'At Home in the Zoo', from Manchester, should send George Cansdale running for help from the producer, Derek Burrell-Davis, who had thought out some new ideas for presenting animals. 'The Cathedral Church of Christ', from Oxford, yielded beautiful pictures.

REGINALD POUND



'Boyd's Shop' on February 21, with (left to right) Sheila Manahan as Agnes Boyd, Robin Bailey as the Rev. Ernest Dunwoody, Maureen Pryor as Miss McClurg, and Joseph Tomelty as Andrew Boyd

DRAMA

For the Fair Unknown

NO JOURNALIST can remain quite indifferent to the spectacle of a fair Unknown, in a public place, reading his words, and so often ceasing all too soon to read them, to turn and stare at the passing scenery or some preferable thing. This week sitting in a vegetarian restaurant I had the honour of watching a lady opposite who read THE LISTENER propped (the paper) against the cruet holding the seaweed salt. She, I report faithfully, read carefully every word by Mr. Pound and then addressed herself to my column. Almost at once, a rictus seized her and after a few angry glances she flicked over the page to soothe herself with Mr. Hussey. 'Out of touch again', I thought sadly. But it may have been her shredded turnip, not me.

This week I have not spared myself in a search for a lowest common denominator and have had my rewards. There was 'Garrison Theatre', and there was 'Café Continental' in which a Belgian lady with a slight look of our Googie Withers did a wonderful bilingual job, almost as cunning as those advertisements for a certain French aperitif which one sees everywhere. In splintered English and amid sips of some refreshing fluid, she carried the weight of entertaining us, them (the lordly ones in long gloves and the sort of evening dress which is called immaculate), and other unseen watchers, coming up now and again for air to cry to the conductor, 'Pas mal, hein, chef?' At least, I suppose it was the conductor but as he neither replied nor did we see him, and as all this was rather strangely happening in a restaurant with dancing waiters, it may for all I know have been the head cook taking a breather between courses. There was much miraculous balancing and there were ladies on roller skates who whizzed round and round on a sort of drum. Very pretty up to a point; the point being reached for me when one lady twined her boots about her sister's neck and was violently swung round in that pose. If there is one thing uglier than two ladies thus employed, it can only be when both are wearing roller skates. But Mademoiselle Cordy—if that is her name, *Radio Times* not joining my memory on the point—is certainly a Stakhonovite of cabaret, well deserved her kiss and champagne at the end, and kept everyone wonderfully happy. The audience at least looked delighted. So probably did the invisible chef.

So did the Forces at 'Garrison Theatre' on an aerodrome. The Forces surely must be the most indulgent audience in the world. Or are convicts more responsive? I know a pianist, not a very good one, who says they are. The

point is, if your audience is hideously bored anyway, they will find almost anything in the way of entertainment, such as playing 'Salut d'amour' on a violin while you bend over backwards and pick up a silk handkerchief from the floor with your teeth, an illumination and a delight. The *compère* worked hard, the comics worked hard, but the award again goes to the little lady who chewed pokers to fragments and ripped telephone books to shreds (like someone who uses a kiosk I sometimes try to look up telephone numbers in). All the same I hope we shall not have too many evenings with the Forces: the motto, 'what's good enough for the boys is good enough for us' is excellent in war, less persuasive in peace-time.

It was nice to see 'The Foxhunt', a reminder of what a cartoon drawing can be in the hands of real artists, without the cosy gloss and Kiddies' Annual veneer which Disney has so diligently set as the usual standard.

A new children's serial, with promise of scalpings and wigwammery, 'The Cabin in the Clearing', also made a propitious start; and I took a great shine to the Hadley family in a play by



Alfie Bass (left) as Fender and David Kossoff as Morry in 'The Bespoke Overcoat' on February 17

D. Clewes called 'The Scarlet Daffodil'. Unlike some fictional families put before us by the B.B.C., the *ménage* of Police Inspector Hadley (Robert Moore) which grew and won prizes, after terrible adventures, with red daffodils struck me as very pleasant and plausible. It was all introduced as well as vigorously performed by one of the 'sons', Master Bunny May, who turned in a very nice little performance. It was produced without forcing and with plenty of restful pauses by Pamela Brown and made me quite anxious to see more of the home life of the police. But perhaps they have rather used up their trumps: I mean what next—Black Tulips?

St. John Ervine's sturdy Ulster comedy about the wooing of the grocer's daughter went bucketing along on Sunday. How the accents would have struck natives I don't know; and there was some wild playing at the start which lowered the spirits. But both Joseph Tomelty and Sheila Manahan played with such quiet efficiency that the well written little play soon settled down: good acting of good scenes, with some nice help by such people as Harry Towb, Veronica Turleigh, and R. H. MacCandless as an ancient presbyter. Robin Bailey was the jilted one. Nothing wrong here, except that at a second performance one or two camera cuts could be better managed. Cameras were temperamental that night, even plunging our national Isobel into darkness in 'What's My Line?' and could there be a greater upset to the nation than that?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Star Talk

'WHAT FIRE is in mine ears?', as Beatrice said on a famous occasion. Sir Laurence Olivier on Tuesday; Dame Edith Evans on Wednesday; Sir John Gielgud on Sunday: sound drama has had a very pleasant starlit week, thank you. Dame Edith repeated a part that had been an endeared memory; Sir Laurence and Sir John were on roads less familiar to them. Though we are not likely to meet the Canterville Ghost on the stage, there is no reason why 'Ivanov' should not be an idea for future Gielgud revival.

Chekhov's first full-length play is up-and-down; but Sir John did manage on Sunday to do what I had held to be almost impossible: he raised sympathy for Chekhov's glumest creation and made us regret that the dramatist had to end the affair with a revolver-shot. Ivanov, fatigued and guilt-stricken, is the kind of character that, superficially, must cheer parodists of the Russian drama. He is a victim of his loose, flabby nerves. But Gielgud got to the heart of the man. His melancholy was not thrust on like a cloak, to be flung off again. It impregnated every sentence like the mist of a late October day. Mercifully, in the final draft of the piece which Chekhov revised so exhaustively from the early text, we lose what could have been a trying passage. This is one in which cheerfulness breaks in and Ivanov runs after Sasha imitating a train and crying 'Puff-puff-puff!'

The revival (Third), directed by Mary Hope Allen, brought me to change old opinions. Clearly, this is a play that grows in the imagination; on Sunday I ceased to think of Ivanov as just an introspective moaner. There were several plausible performances. I liked the incorrigible fizzing of George Hayes as Borkin (the kind of



"Engagement between Anson's 'Centurion' and the treasure ship 'Cavadonga', 20th June, 1743" by Samuel Scott. (By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich)

BEFORE THE THUNDER and smoke of battle, the tensest moment of all: the ships sliding towards each other over the hissing sea, the guns run out, the crews still ... and waiting. When someone murmurs the blasphemous grace "For what we are about to receive ..."

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man who would have offered to Sasha 'some fireworks of my own manufacture': the man is a bombastic rocket. Mr. Hayes, in an earlier revival, about two years ago, had been the Count, that 'mischievous, spiteful old gentleman', an autumnal hulk: Esmé Percy now produced an October voice that piped and whistled. Irene Worth, as Ivanov's wife, was quietly affecting; but for me the Sasha (a good actress, Rosemary Harris) did not call up the character. She reached the anteroom; the door did not open.

Without doubt, every door opens to Dame Edith Evans. Or shall we say that, in 'Robert's Wife' (Light), she is both the vicarage's illumination and its central heating plant? The text shines as she speaks. This may be one of her more straightforward parts in the theatre: it still becomes a torchlight procession. In any event, it is an admirable play, written with St. John Ervine's honesty and common sense, and with a craft that keeps the problem in our minds. When the performance is over we continue to debate the questions of independence, tolerance, vocation, and so forth, that give a strong core to the tale of the vicar's wife who is also a doctor. No dramatist can afford to write a thoughtless sentence for Dame Edith. She lights it up, inspects the crevices. And there are some words that, once she has spoken them—as it were, definitively—must always ring with her voice. Thus the simple 'Deanery' must have in future a surprising liquid gurgle. Patrick Barr, Kynaston Reeves, and the ever-appreciative Godfrey Kenton fitted into a first-class revival. What fire was in mine ears?

For our benefit, Sir Laurence Olivier put so much into the life or death—better call it the existence—of 'The Canterville Ghost' (Light) that it seems ungrateful to dislike the play. The quick change from burlesque to poetic fantasy bothers us. That was Wilde's fault. The burlesque holds. Sir Laurence chose a most alarming, self-pitying shudder of a voice, and a really phantasmal laugh, for a spectre who found the materialism of American tenants more than he could take. He began, we gather, with Sir Roderic Murgatroyd's 'icy glare and stern relentless brow'. Not for long. He had a bad cold; his nerves were shattered; then, in that Wildean gyration, he dithered into poetry. A shame, but, for the sake of Sir Laurence, and of Frances Hyland as the rescuing girl, we would not have missed the occasion.

Because 'Ivanov' overlapped, I missed the first fifteen minutes of 'The Einstein Highway' (Light). When I did reach it, someone was being tried for murder. It was a gay situation. An inventor, having discovered the secret of time-travel, had been projected into the twenty-fifth century. His assistant, left at home and in love with the inventor's wife, destroyed the apparatus. There he was, on trial in the twentieth century for the murder of a man who . . . but you follow me. On the ground, I suppose, that if we swallowed the preliminaries we could swallow anything, the author, Charles Eric Maine, then helped us so lavishly that we almost choked. Never mind. The business was produced (by Archie Campbell) and spoken with enthusiasm; and it cured me effectively of any mild wish I might have had to plunge forward in time. What fire was in mine ears, and still is?

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Inside Out

INSIDE INFORMATION is no longer what it was before a radio-set became a part of every self-respecting home. In pre-radio days it was exchanged privately, in the course of conversation, and it was something worth having. You felt flattered by being the chosen recipient, and by

using it discreetly and at the right moment you increased your reputation as a well-informed man. But the radio has ruined all that, for by giving not only me but us—you, me, Uncle Tom Cobley and all—more inside information in a week than we used to collect in a year, it has devalued it beyond repair.

Take, for instance, my last week's listening. Charles William Aldous in 'The Ragman Calls' gave us the low-down on all sorts and conditions of 'waste-reclamation agents' from the ragger proper to the gagger, the dustbin nibbler and the goldfish flasher, and he detailed the different methods of acquiring and disposing of the materials of his trade with such gusto and eloquence that I caught myself considering for a split second whether I wouldn't be well-advised to drop the pen and follow in his footsteps. Then there was J. H. Anderson, Provincial Director of the National Agricultural Advisory Service at Cambridge. In his talk in 'Farming Today' he asked, 'Can We Afford Rabbits?', and went on to answer his own question by throwing a lurid light on the habits of the endearing but too philoprogenitive bunny. Believe it or not—and Mr. Anderson speaks with authority—we mugs are at present providing the rabbits of this island with free meals to the tune of about £50,000,000 per annum. Well, you may crack up the Welfare State, but that, it seems to me, is going altogether too far, especially when I don't like rabbit—not, I mean, on my plate—and so can't get a fraction of my own back by eating him. And then there is that scandalous tale about Chile. In 1936, Mr. Anderson told us, two rabbits were introduced into southern Chile. Two! A mere brace! And now, hardly eighteen years later? Thirty-five million, if you please! Evidently, though Mr. Anderson didn't say so, one of them was a buck, the other a doe. All the same, it's pretty astronomical, isn't it?

Earlier in the week, W. L. Burn, Professor of Modern History at King's College, Newcastle, blew the gaff on the electioneering methods which followed the Reform Bill of 1832. To innocent and unreflecting persons like me the passing of this Bill meant the end of bribery and corruption in English politics. Alas, nothing of the kind. In 'The Underworld of Victorian Politics' (ought it not, perhaps, to have been 'Early-Victorian Politics'?), he gave us a shocking and extremely amusing account of the various wiles practised by certain political agents in pursuing their trade of buying votes for their employers. He also mentioned how certain voters seized the opportunity to turn an honest or dishonest penny—and which was it in such circumstances?—by accepting a bribe to vote for the party for which they were going to vote anyhow. Many of these regrettable facts were funny enough in themselves, but they were made much more so by the dry way in which Professor Burn retailed them. It was a very delectable talk.

And what a packet of novel and enlightening details Julian Duguid has set before us, almost, it has seemed, in visible form and colour, in his half-dozen talks on what he saw and heard in 'Ten Weeks in Brazil'. Last week, in his final talk, 'Journey to the Amazon', he gave us a memorable impression of the strange little city of Manaus, 700 or 800 miles up the Amazon, and of the journey downstream to Belem.

Now in the good old days when a talk was a private affair shared by one or two friends or acquaintances, and not a public communication by one talker to several million listeners, the arresting information, the curious, surprising, and amusing facts emerging from these four talks would have been a gold-mine for anyone, like you or me, who was trying to keep up a reputation as a lively conversationalist and a wonderfully well-informed man. But, as I remarked at the outset, the radio has ruined all that. If I were fool enough to trot out a single

fact or phrase from these talks in a pub or at the dinner-table by way of brightening up the conversation, what would happen? No one would laugh or express joyful surprise. One and all would have heard it already on the wireless and, what's more, they would tell me so.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Italian Opera

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY years of Italian operatic history have passed through the loud-speaker in the course of the last ten days—from Monteverdi's 'Ballo dell' Ingrate' (or 'Prudes' Ball', as Redlich translates it) to 'Ernani' and 'Il Trovatore'. Monteverdi's opera-ballet, though not fully characteristic of his dramatic genius, is an interesting specimen of the court entertainment of the late Renaissance—stately, sumptuous, and rather pawkily sensual. After the poetic text, the spectacle was the most important element in these shows. As the text has lost its savour, even if it is intelligible to the listener, the piece must inevitably sound a little dull without the spectacle, except to specialists. Denis Stevens' careful editing gave us an authentic performance, though I thought some of the tempi seemed on the slow side. And surely Mr. Stevens, who presumably wrote the introductory remarks, was wrong in suggesting that this piece was performed in a theatre with a curtain to go up. On a recent visit to Mantua I looked in vain for any sign of a theatre in the Gonzaga Palace, and I was told that, as seems to me highly probable, the theatrical entertainments were given in the great quadrangle of the palace, on a rigged-up stage but not in a 'theatre' as we understand the term. As one authority has said, the baroque stage did not present a purely optical picture, because it was not independent of the space from which the spectator viewed it.

Paradoxically, we got a better idea of Monteverdi's dramatic genius from the 'Vespers', broadcast complete in a new edition by Leo Schrade under the direction of Anthony Lewis. For this collection of antiphons, psalms, and hymns culminating in the splendid setting of the *Magnificat*, Monteverdi laid under contribution all his experience as a composer of opera. The accompaniment to the opening movement is even an adaptation of the toccata which had served as overture to 'Orfeo'. There is a solo, 'Nigra sum', really for tenor but in this performance allotted to a soprano, in the style of the 'lament' which was a feature of every early opera; there are several uses, both vocal and instrumental, of the favourite device of an 'echo' which recurs in the dramatic music of Purcell and right through the eighteenth-century; and there is the famous duet for two tenors, 'Duo Seraphim', whose elaborate coloratura resembles that of Orfeo, though there was a closer parallel in the secular duet by Sigismondo d'India sung by Hugues Cuénod and Wilfred Brown in the programme which included the 'Ballo dell' Ingrate'.

Besides these examples of his dramatic style, Monteverdi included in the 'Vespers' magnificent choral movements such as 'Nisi Dominus' and 'Lauda, Jerusalem', for which one would seek in vain for any equivalent in the operas. Professor Lewis secured an excellent performance of this great music, setting brisk tempi which brought it to life. The orchestration used, realised for us the variety of colours in Monteverdi's score. Among the soloists, all of whom were good, Margaret Ritchie must be specially commended for her singing of 'Nigra sum', which she phrased more smoothly than in the recently issued recording of the work; and the two tenors, Richard Lewis and Alexander Young, for their performance of the difficult coloratura.

From the succeeding century we had excerpts

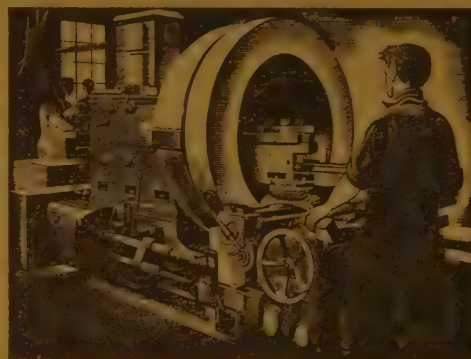
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from Terradellas' 'Merope' which, though included in 'The Heritage of Spain' because its composer was Spanish by birth, is purely Neapolitan in musical style. The libretto in its elements even conforms to the conventions of Venetian opera of the previous century, with its misunderstandings, intrigues, and disguised characters. Although I suppose we could hardly 'take' the whole opera, the selection offered proved to be beautiful music, and it was very well performed under Patrick Savill's direction.

If the plot of 'Merope' seems absurd, what

of 'Ernani' in which the characters conform to a quixotic code of honour to a degree that deprives them of humanity? Yet, in the event, Verdi's music, violent and passionate, replaces the sawdust in these Spanish puppets with pulsing life-blood. The opera was unaccountably omitted from the survey of Verdi's output during the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. The 'rude force and grandeur', as Chorley called it, of the music was splendidly brought out in this recording and explained the popular vogue the opera once

enjoyed, when audiences were less fussy about the credibility of the action. The only serious fault in the performance was the rather strangled tone of the baritone. The tendency for the singers to sing full out all the time is excusable in this opera. One could have done with more of it in the act from 'Il Trovatore' broadcast from Covent Garden. But of that deplorable exhibition, in which even Rothmüller seemed unable to bring his music to life under the dead hand of the conductor, the less said the better.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

R. W. Wood: the Composer and his Public

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

Wood's Piano Concerto will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.45 p.m. on Wednesday, March 3

THE significance of Ralph W. Wood's music derives from the attitude he adopted in the crisis confronting every serious composer of our time: the creative artist's relation to his public. We must discuss it, therefore, in the larger context of his intellectual orientation before attempting to describe his procedures of construction. Wood made up his mind, perhaps earlier or more definitely than most of his contemporaries, about the dilemma: whether primarily to cater for as wide an audience as possible, or to preserve the authority of his individual convictions.

Deciding for the first often means pandering to popular taste, subordinating to the demands of fundamentally extra-musical considerations the constructive urge of the artist to communicate a particular experience of life. Provided that conditions are suitable, the composer with a feeling of duty towards the community may well obey his social conscience without concessions from his standards of values. He may find inspiration in the musical traditions of his people: indeed, folk-music has been the source of some of the most characteristic and convincing musical expressions of our epoch. Yet the danger of provincialism is always near, and it is not surprising that a composer whose upbringing and intellectual background were determined to a very large extent by an urban environment would be disinclined to seek inspiration in that quarter: in none of Wood's compositions is the stimulus of folk-song discernible, either directly or indirectly.

But Wood has chosen the other alternative: that which asserts the supremacy of a personal vision. In fact, the circumstances of his life have largely predestined the course he was to adopt: he did not enjoy the advantages of a standard course of musical study but had to rely largely on trial and error to find his voice. It is perhaps fortunate that his ideals and standards of values are relatively easy to assess: they are embodied in his critical writings and the large number of his essays on music and musicians which he has contributed to various musical journals from 1929 onwards.

The same enforced self-reliance bade him distrust aesthetic programmes, *pronunciamientos*, and theoretic formulations of technical methods: he maintains that music is concerned solely with musical ideas, and philosophical or programmatic considerations are irrelevant to its valid communication. His refusal to compromise his artistic beliefs seems to have led him to a kind of 'internal emigration', and in consequence to express himself in forms which may appear strange and perplexing to the average audience unaccustomed to the intellectual effort their comprehension involves.

What are the characteristics of Wood's style? There is very little sensuous appeal in his music despite the pleasing colours of some of his orchestral scores: the lively last movement of his Suite for Small Orchestra (1939) or the 'Five Dramatic Studies' for Orchestra (1945) for instance. In the majority of his works the intellectual approach is quite unmistakable: those, however, who are not discouraged by the apparent severity of his idiom will find their attention rewarded by discovering an original mind. Of course, there are moments of relaxation, too; e.g., the delicious '*Le rat qui s'est retiré du monde*', the second of 'Two French Songs' (1951) or, in a purely musical sense, the 'unbuttoned' Wood of the String Trio (1942), an extremely charming score. Though by no means a miniaturist, he is often found at his happiest in smaller works; the reason may well be that they provide him with a suitable framework for a greater concentration of thought.

The texture of his music as a whole is contrapuntally inspired; he is less concerned with harmonic considerations. His counterpoint is a means of supporting the symphonic growth of his initial ideas, whose continual expansion and 'self-generated' internal development control the organisation of his designs. It is his belief that form is the most important aspect of music, and that 'musical form' must always be conceived as an event in time, not a structure in space.

His Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, written in 1946, if not quite satisfying perhaps, in all respects, illustrates his methods of musical construction well. The music is one continuous movement. Behind a structure that might look like ternary is concealed a much more subtle internal organisation: Wood realises here a compromise between a pattern that is conditioned by the conception of perpetual variation, and one that is dominated by the principle of thematic growth. The work opens with a two-bar phrase, the first of which contains a motive of two crotchets to be repeated in the second, but melodically inverted. This phrase governs almost the whole discourse, since most of the subsequent material refers to it in one way or another: it is complemented by an expressive melody on the clarinet.

A new melodic idea is presented on the oboe, which will acquire importance later on. The third element—a dactylic figure—emerges on the horns, and with it the presentation of the essential thematic germs is completed. After a re-appearance of the opening motto, softly spoken and less harshly harmonised, a 'lyrical' theme, invitingly romantic and sensuous in appeal, opens on the piano and reveals itself, on closer attention, as a variant of the oboe melody from the first section. Before it is rounded off

by its logical complementary, a passage is interposed whose main business is to elaborate the dactylic motive previously introduced on the horns, and to disclose the basic relationship of the oboe melody and the present lyrical theme. The complementary phrase in its turn continues with other elements of the opening, viz., the expressive theme of the clarinet and the piano's entry in sevenths, in addition to the thematic material already to hand.

A restatement of the motto, divided between orchestra and piano, inaugurates a change to faster tempo, and a further variant of the motto emerges which is at first disputed by other, already established motives, but eventually asserts itself as an *ostinato*. After a climax quick references are made to various motives from the first section before turning to the inverted oboe melody and its elaboration. The subsequent few bars of piano solo constitute the end of what functionally corresponds to the traditional *cadenza*. The bassoon entry that follows reminds us again of the essential relationship of the lyrical oboe theme and the romantic melody of the piano. Reference to the second half of the latter concludes the Concerto peacefully.

The harmonic idiom of the Concerto is extremely free, without, however, becoming atonal. The use of dissonances is unlimited. Wood resorts to it for colouristic purposes as well as for structural punctuation; on the other hand, the aggressiveness of certain chords is considerably mitigated by the orchestral layout. The tonal orientation of the work is also highly characteristic of Wood's methods of symphonic growth: no definite centre is established at the opening, though the melodic configuration of the motto contains at least a hint of the D which will eventually assert itself. The blurred tonal outlines of the beginning subside, revealing, step by step, the contours of the auxiliary keys; and then, gradually, the fundamental D 'chromatic minor' emerges, to be brought into focus only at the conclusion. Wood's treatment may be regarded as an interesting modification of the concept of 'progressive tonality' which is an essential feature in the music of the later Mahler. The role of counterpoint in Wood's music has already been commented upon: here again, it is employed to realise the latent potentialities of musical ideas admittedly epigrammatic at their inception.

The piano part has very little of that showiness which is usually associated with concertos, though its technical difficulties, not readily apparent, require a high degree of manual accomplishment. The guiding principle of this Concerto is co-operation rather than contest: this obliges the soloist, and the audience, to concentrate on the music as a whole.

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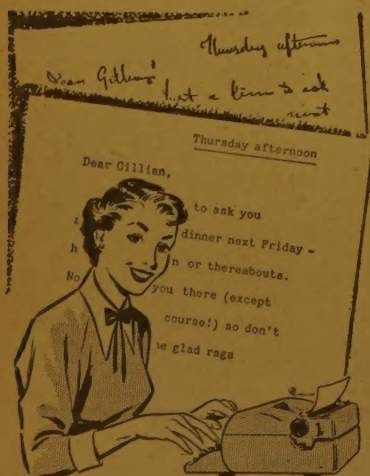
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

BASIC SAUCES

SAUCE is not meant to give flavour to a mass of food that is flavourless in itself—it is intended to enrich, complement, and 'round out', as it were, the flavour that is already there.

There are five basic sauces: brown sauce, or *Espagnole*; white sauce, such as *Béchamel*; tomato sauce; *velouté*; and egg sauce, or *sauce Hollandaise*. These five sauces form the basis of almost every other type of sauce, but whatever type they are, there are three constituents to each one. First, the savour: meat stock, juice or gravy or fish stock. Second, the flavour: root vegetables, such as carrots, parsnips, onions, celery, leeks, parsley roots (did you know you could use those?) and garlic; also tomatoes, mushrooms, and, naturally, wine. Third, the aroma: and that is where herbs and spices come in.

You need spices, such as cinnamon, cloves, peppercorn, ginger, mustard, etc. The herbs most commonly used are: two natives of this country, mint and sage, and two natives of France, thyme and bay leaf.

You can produce the stock, which is your basic element, in one of three ways: one, boil or braise a piece of meat in water to get a broth; two, fry or roast the meat to seal the outside and retain the juices, then simmer it in water (a more gradual process, which produces a more concentrated essence of the meat); three, use the trimmings of roast meat and the juice left in the roasting pan when the meat is removed. Most stock needs reducing to about half the original quantity to concentrate the meat or fish flavour.

Now we come to thickening. A sauce not

thickened remains a gravy. A sauce can be thickened by almost any type of flour—plain, corn-flour, potato flour, or arrowroot, ground rice, etc. Cornflour or arrowroot can be diluted with water and added direct to the liquid, but plain flour must be cooked first, and that is where a *roux* comes in. *Roux* is a kind of paste made of flour and fat (butter, margarine, or oil), in which the flour is cooked just a short while for a white sauce, or cooked slowly until it turns a nutty brown colour for brown sauces. The correct proportions for the *roux* are: for 1 pint of liquid, 1 oz. of fat and 1 oz. of flour.

JEAN CONIL

STEAMED SUET PUDDING

The basic requirements for a large family steamed suet pudding are:

8 oz. of flour
3-4 oz. of suet
3 oz. of sugar
milk, egg, or water to mix

Every recipe is a slight variation of this, but if you used only these ingredients your pudding might be a little dull—though if you mixed it lightly and served it with jam and a sauce children would like it. But what is it that will improve it beyond recognition? First of all, breadcrumbs. Suet puddings are, as you know, inclined to be stodgy, and to counteract this you use either equal parts of flour and breadcrumbs or all breadcrumbs.

If you chop your own suet, you need use only 3 oz. instead of 4 oz. The flour can be self-raising, or plain flour with baking powder added—1 to 1½ teaspoonfuls to 8 oz. Your pro-

portion of sugar can vary, too, according to what else you are adding. For instance, if you are making a lemon pudding and adding the juice you will need more sugar. If you are using dried fruits, then allow from half to equal quantities of fruit and flour. For flavourings you can use spice, ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, vanilla, grated orange- or lemon-rind, and so on.

Suet puddings for steaming should be mixed to a dropping consistency. Pudding basins should be well greased. For steaming they should be only two-thirds full, to allow space for rising. They should be well covered with greased paper, with the water in the saucepan reaching only half-way up the basin, and cooked for between 1½ and 2½ hours.

ANN HARDY

Notes on Contributors

CYRIL PHILIPS (page 325): Professor of Oriental History, London University (School of Oriental and African Studies) since 1946

T. T. PATERSON (page 334): Senior Lecturer in Industrial Relations, Glasgow University

BRUCE MILLER (page 338): Staff Tutor, University of Sydney; Temporary Assistant Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD (page 341): historian and biographer; author of *Jesus: a Biography*, *The Jew of Tarsus*, *Saints against Caesar*, etc.

W. L. BURN (page 344): Professor of Modern History, King's College, Durham University, since 1944; author of *The British West Indies*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,243.

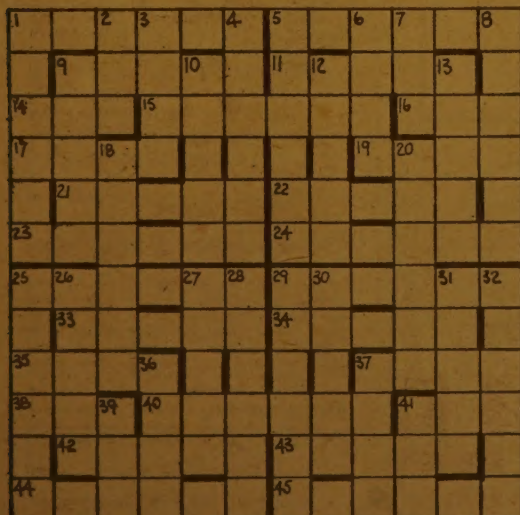
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By Scorpio

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Each clue leads to a word whose initial letter is omitted before entry in the diagram; the omitted letters comprise the alphabet twice over.



CLUES—ACROSS

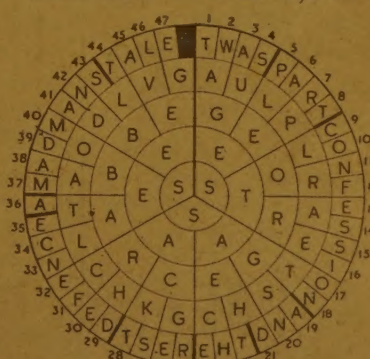
1. Six in a French car take living away from a man (7)
5. Change needed here: change of air within too (7)
9. '—, heartless, witless —, Will neither care nor know... (6)
11. Said that 'jealousy' was 'a monster Begot upon itself' (6)
14. Otherwise unattached companion to Spenser (4)
15. Cork gives pop lest you break it (7)
16. Tenant ends up in a Celtic brook (4)
17. Is lacking to the Unitaries; hence loose (5)
19. In love with 'The Buccaneer' and might have made a queen (5)
21. To express sorrow put me in the Forces after breaking up (6)
22. z/8 apparently belted (6)
23. Central European, Eastern, nearly related (7)
24. 'He may — his dotage with their powers' (7)
25. Rob enough to make a bee rave (7)
29. 'The — hath sat on her and finds it Christian burial' (7)
33. '— strange love, the platane tree' (6)
34. Present for a stranger from the past (6)
35. Search in a reed will be asked for (5)
37. In dry places; so sea may yield water supply (5)
38. Expense involved because the professional left his pledge (4)
40. Came to see half-a-dozen Ancients positioned here (7)
41. Plague of these headless clues! (4)
42. 'Mercury/New lighted on a — kissing hill' (6)
43. We must have the heater mended at this juncture (6)
44. Boiled fruit juice by a philanthropist (7)
45. Violet twister sounds inactive (7)

DOWN

1. 'Where blossomed many an — bearing tree' (7)
2. Put it in an aircraft whether piloted or not (4)
3. Sharp internal cut (5)
4. The Junior Department are combining to have all ready (7)
5. 'Then tell, O! tell how thou didst murder me'. Name of victim? (7)

6. Though somewhat less than a hard worker, he does make the wheels go round (5)
7. 'Hymned on the shores of Baiae' (4)
8. Help! eats upset in bed (7)
9. It's hell for us to follow this savage (6)
10. Detailed provender, tested and found satisfactory (6)
12. Take a rough rubbing and try putting records away (6)
13. Less coloured in a place where white birds are kept (6)
18. Mongrels may get slimmer (7)
20. Eat nuts to get cramp (7)
25. Ask about a number of sheets (7)
26. Seeker for a Malayan dagger (6)
27. Disliking a piece of poetry (6)
28. 'Where — with men for pieces plays' (7)
29. Consume in larger sense (7)
30. 'In — grave a Druid lies' (6)
31. Encounter a second time the return of a prolific person (6)
32. One who puts clothes on a sideboard (7)
36. It's close in the thickest ivy growth (5)
37. Tires tired horses (5)
39. Ardour displayed in a craze altogether forgotten now (4)
41. Pimple at the end (4)

Solution of No. 1,241



Prizewinners: 1st prize: L. T. Whitaker (Stretford); 2nd prize: Miss E. J. Black (Glasgow, C.2); 3rd prize: J. S. Russell (Allerton Bywater)

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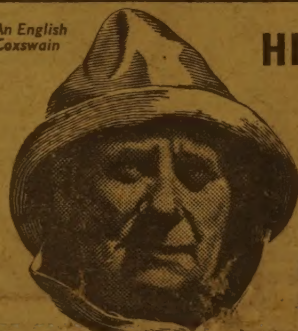
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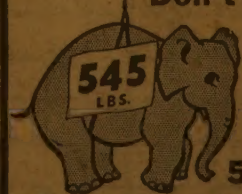
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